PARTISAN REVIEW

MAY-JUNE, 1940

EAST COKER
a long poem by
T. S. ELIOT

SIDNEY HOOK
Jacques Maritain, Catholic Philosopher

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER
A Goat for Azazel (a story)

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS
What is Wrong with the Museum of Modern Art?

PHILIP RAHV
Marxism Today—the Quick and the Dead

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James Ross: *Roman*, a story

•

Reuel Denney: *The Wolf, the Muskrat and the Crow*, a story

•

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•

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PARTISAN REVIEW

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Comment

Notes on a Strange War

THE SECOND WORLD WAR is now in its eighth month, and it seems not yet really to have begun. The fighting in Norway, which for a few days looked like the long-awaited breaking of the stalemate on the Western Front, seems to be settling into another sort of stalemate—one of bloody guerilla raids, sudden explosions of violence, with not enough forces involved to be decisive. This is the kind of fighting that went on in this dark prehistoric land of fjords and mountains in the time of the old Norse hero-tales. The atmosphere is enhanced by the place names of the new battlefront—Stavenger, Narvik, Trondheim, Natodden, and, in today's paper, "the long valley called Gudbrandsdal"—so much less *civilized* than other European place names. At the moment of writing, the Germans are digging in throughout the South and have not yet even been dislodged from Narvik, while the English are talking in terms of a summer campaign in Norway. It looks as though it will take months of this sort of skirmishing to decide the question of mastery of the Scandinavian peninsula—with the main war still to come.

It is only prudent to make this, or any other, prediction about the war abroad, in the most tentative way. The one safe prediction to be made about the war, on the basis of its first eight months, is that no prediction may safely be made. Some of us were prepared for a Nazi-Soviet pact, but who expected it to be an agreement for common offensive action, the solemnization of which by the Supreme Soviet was the signal for Hitler to invade Poland? Who expected the Reichswehr to overrun Poland in ten days and the Red Army to fail to occupy any appreciable amount of Finland after three months of fighting? Who foresaw that Stalin would partition Poland with Hitler and proceed to reduce the three Baltic states to vassals—without, furthermore, disturbing their capitalist property relations? Who expected the first serious fighting between

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the major belligerents to be done in Norway? And, greatest of all the surprises of this surprising war, who anticipated that, after eight months of it, there would not yet have occurred a single bombing raid by either side on an important city or industrial district, and that the loss of life among pedestrians run down by automobiles in the blacked-out cities would be many times the casualties among the opposing armies on the so-called battle front?

THE "FREE STATE"

Some one has said that the only war the generals are ever able to prepare for is the last war. But in the present war, this comment on the notorious "military mind" must be applied to all of us. The mistake we made was to think of this war in terms of the last war. We forgot that this war comes after two decades of further development, or rather degeneration, of monopoly capitalism—and also that it comes after the last war. Between 1914 and 1918, the "classic" capitalism of the nineteenth century completed its self-destruction. On the ruins has arisen a new structure: the "State capitalism" of today, in which political and economic control are centralized in the State apparatus.

In *The Third International After Lenin*, Trotsky draws a memorable contrast between the slow, organic development of European capitalism before the war, and the spasmodic violence of this development since the war, with its sudden reversals, its lightning changes, its "sharp turns . . . not brought about by any changes in the basic economic factors but by causes and impulses of a purely superstructural character." Trotsky was writing in 1928. Since then, the crisis-character of world capitalism has become ever more pronounced, its contradictions, aggravated by the depression, reaching such a pitch that the entire economic-social structure was in danger of being racked to pieces. It became a matter of life and death, for the ruling class, to bring them under more rigid control. The bourgeoisie turned to the State, which intervened more and more decisively in the economic process. Inevitably, the bureaucracies in control of the State apparatus, whether their ideological costume was the liberal reformism of the New Deal or the reactionary medievalism of the Nazis, have become increasingly independent of direct class pressure, from

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the ruling as well as the ruled classes. That "Free State" which Engels defined as "a state which is free in relation to its citizens" is coming into existence.

AND THE "FREE WAR"

This process seems to throw some light on the long delay in the outbreak of serious hostilities between the major belligerents. The old pattern of imperialism was that first the bankers and merchants and industrialists of the various nations would struggle among themselves for foreign markets, for new fields for capital investment, for cheap colonial sources of labor and raw materials. When this economic struggle reached an impasse, the State power would step in to carry it to its final settlement by force of arms. The last war conformed to this pattern. For decades the bourgeoisie of each nation competed with their rivals in other countries for overseas markets and investment outlets, the tensions being steadily, automatically built up by the pressure of rising levels of productivity, until the spark of Sarajevo finally exploded the powder pile.

It is significant that the specific excuse for this war was not the fortuitous act of a single terrorist, but rather the deliberate, official actions taken by Germany and England over the question of Danzig. The last war was, so to speak, an "unconscious," automatic affair, an irruption of forces blindly accumulating beneath the surface. The way in which this war broke out and has been conducted reflects the greater degree of State control over the economic processes of capitalism. Especially in Germany but also in England and France, the State has conducted the economic struggles of the last few years which have finally resulted in war. The actual declaration of war has meant not a shift of control from private capitalism to the State, not the sudden dropping of economic in favor of military weapons, as in 1914, but merely an intensification of the pre-war struggles. Both sides have been able to postpone the military showdown while racing desperately to establish sources of supply and to bring into their economic orbits the neutral nations.

It is a "free war" in that the governments on both sides have a freedom of action they did not have in 1914, being able to exploit either simultaneously or alternatively both military and economic weapons. The two stages of imperialist struggle have been tele-

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scoped into one. The distinction between war and politics as imperialist techniques, or between war and peace as ways of life under capitalism, this has been broken down, and war has been fused into the normal everyday structure of existence both of the State and the individual.

IDEOLOGICAL WARDROBES

The rise of the "Free State" also throws light on the other great surprise of the war to date: the Nazi-Soviet alliance. The bureaucracies running the various governments have a freedom from class pressure unexampled in the history of capitalism. This is, of course, especially true of totalitarian states like Germany. It is also true of the U.S.S.R., where the bureaucracy, faced with a contradiction between its own interests and the interests of the nationalized form of economy which is at least as explosive as those of modern capitalism, must likewise suppress the class struggle or perish. The result is that both Hitler and Stalin have a freedom of ideological maneuvering which would have seemed fantastic before 1918.

Thus it was possible for Stalin and Hitler to engineer their pact with such swiftness and secrecy that their own "Fifth Columns" in this country were taken by surprise. The turnabout was accomplished overnight, by administrative fiat, with almost no ideological preparation—and yet there apparently were no serious internal repercussions. There was no doubt some grumbling among the Moscow workers, and in Germany a Thyssen broke with the regime that had "betrayed" his class, but the "Free State" was indeed "free in relation to its citizens" and the 180 degree turn was made in each nation with very little friction.

IS THERE A THIRD CHOICE?

"With all humility," wrote Stephen Spender in our last issue, "I am on the side of the Chamberlain system against Fascism. The fundamental reason is that I hate the idea of being regimented and losing my personal freedom of action." This is the classic liberal note on this war, struck whenever liberals, English or American, feel compelled to justify their support of British imperialism in its struggle to crush its German counterpart. Most of them are not so honest as Mr. Spender, who speaks quite frankly of losing *his own* freedom of action. Most of them prefer to talk of the

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slavery that would be visited upon the masses if Hitler should triumph.

It is true that Mr. Spender would be much more "regimented" under the Hitler System than he is now under the Chamberlain System—though the two may soon be less distinguishable, especially if the war continues to go against England. But would Mr. Spender be so concerned about losing his freedom if he happened to be functioning in the Chamberlain System not as an upper-class literary man, but as a cook or a bus driver or a coal miner? He would probably then realize quite vividly that freedom is a luxury product under the Chamberlain System, and that he could afford only the cheaper commodity of regimentation.

We must assume, however, that Mr. Spender himself is not conscious of all this, that he does not think of personal freedom as a class commodity. Otherwise, his statement would be not so much honest as cynical. And far from being cynical, Mr. Spender has always been one of the most politically *responsible* of the younger English writers—responsible in the sense that he seems to have always felt an obligation to state publicly and unequivocally his personal political views. Several years ago, when he was a Stalinist fellow-traveler, he wrote a book to expound his faith in the Popular Front and the Soviet Union. The book was called *Forward from Liberalism*. Having lost his faith, Mr. Spender now finds himself retreating once more to his liberal base (which, of course, he never left very far behind in actuality). As a liberal, he sees only a choice between two kinds of *status quo* systems, and he chooses the Chamberlain System as the lesser evil.

It is true that he does pose a third possibility, namely, pacifism, which he quite correctly dismisses as "Utopian" and unreal. But the alternative of revolutionary action against the warmakers —this is not even mentioned. It would appear that Mr. Spender sees pacifism as at least a real enough alternative to be discussed, but that social revolution is excluded from his consciousness.

Yet it is this alternative which seems to us to offer the only way out of the nightmare into which our age is descending. The most hopeful thing about this war is that the masses on both sides of the battle-lines seem to have already reached the same state of apathy and sullen war-weariness as came only after two or three years of the last war. One recalls how the false news of an armis-

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tice in the first weeks of the war caused spontaneous street celebrations with wine and song in Berlin, how the crowds in the Place de la Concorde and in Trafalgar Square watched in silence ("grim resolve," "calm determination" chirped the patriotic press hopefully) as the first regiments marched off to the trenches. Today the masses are apathetic because they can accept neither of the two alternatives offered them in the war—either Berlin-Rome-Moscow or Paris-London-Washington. Tomorrow they may find a common revolutionary destiny in that "Third Camp, whose interests lie with neither of the two warring imperialist camps" which M. Mormiche writes about in the *Paris Letter* in this issue. It is in this direction and not in a "lesser evil" acceptance of the Chamberlain System that the most realistic hope for our civilization lies. D. M.

What Is Living and What Is Dead

We are well aware that in entering the controversy on what is living and what is dead in Marxism we are literally taking our ideological lives into our hands. Though the views we wish to express are for the most part tentative rather than fixed, we do not expect to have our say without running into a heavy crossfire. The revisionists—who are now in the pink of condition, thriving as they do on routs and defeats—will doubtless accuse us of treating the Marxist "dogmas" much too tenderly, of being mere tyros, in fact, in the game of cutting the old texts to pieces; while the diehards, mistaking their doctrinal inflexibility for scientific rectitude, will probably invoke the handy theory of "petty-bourgeois" class bias to explain our stand. Nevertheless, having determined to draw blood from both sides and not to flinch when our turn comes, here goes—

It is plain that the crisis in Marxism is primarily caused by the fact that everywhere, including the Soviet Union, it is not the social revolution but the counter-revolution which has triumphed. For if science, as a French physicist once defined it, is "a rule of action that succeeds," then certainly the credit of Marxism, which has always insisted on being regarded as a science, is rapidly running short. Since the one big, and at that time seemingly conclusive, victory in Russia in 1917, the failure of the socialist cause

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has been continuous and disastrous; and, furthermore, the Russian victory itself turned, within a few years, into a source of confusion, disillusionment, and outright treachery. Clearly, what has happened is that the negative predictions of Marxism have come true, but not its positive ones. The curse has been fulfilled, but not the promise. In the main, events have confirmed the Marxist analysis of bourgeois economy, of the bourgeois state, and of imperialist wars; but so far events have failed to confirm the Marxist prognosis that once objective conditions have ripened, the masses will know how to dismember the profit system in order to reconstruct society on a more rational basis. And objective conditions, considered on an international scale, have not only been ripe but at times rotten-ripe.

THE BETRAYERS AND THE BETRAYED

Now in what has the optimism of the Marxist doctrine traditionally sought its justification? Obviously in the hypothesis that the decline of capitalism necessarily involves the maturing of the revolutionary awareness of the working class and its readiness to intervene in the historic process to its own advantage. Experience, however, has shown that these two factors are by no means so closely linked as they were once assumed to be. Capitalism *is* decaying, the phenomena it is producing are far more hideous than anything forecast even by its most hostile critics, its sole perspective is war and nothing but war—yet the workers have been unable to act in any decisive fashion, and there exists in no country today a workers' movement of any size or influence which is carrying forward the revolutionary tradition and which can be seriously counted on to utilize the opportunities for action that will no doubt arise in the near future. After all, if the German proletariat, which was so well organized and educated, had fought in 1933, Hitlerism might never have come to power—and if Hitlerism had been repulsed in that crucial moment, the whole history of our age would have been vastly different.

Have Marxists overestimated the revolutionary character of the proletariat? Trotsky, surely the most formidable thinker among living Marxists, has made a practice of absolving it of responsibility for its own defeats and of placing the blame entirely on the leaderships of the Stalinist and Social-Democratic parties. This

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procedure, divorcing as it does the mass from its leadership, seems to us to beg the question. Moreover, we detect in Trotsky's formulation a kind of back-handed admission that the working class is intrinsically lacking in sufficient independence and political self-definition to check and control its leadership. Such an idea has enormous implications, and if there is any truth in it, why not say so openly, so as to prepare the way for introducing into the Marxist estimate of this class the necessary revision or modification? It is time for Marxists to be rid of the absurd convention, essentially moralistic and in part a carryover from Christian sentimentality about the "meek and lowly," that plain speaking about the proletariat is somehow indecorous, if not actually impermissible. In its own right the proletariat represents no ideals—it is only in its role as a dynamic and militant force in the struggle to liberate humanity that values can be attached to it.

That the leaders of the Second and Third Internationals betrayed the revolution is incontestable. Yet the question that must be answered is this: How is it that these false leaders succeed in duping the workers, not once, but over and over again? Is it not true that, historically speaking, every class gets the kind of leadership it deserves? Why do the workers, presumably the revolutionary class, so consistently entrust their fate to non-revolutionary and even counter-revolutionary organizations and thus put themselves into the position of being betrayed? No doubt, in each instance it is possible to advance apparently objective reasons that will account for their failure to repudiate the "misleaders." Upon examination, however, these "objective" reasons usually turn out to be nothing more than elaborate apologies for the subjective limitations of the workers.

This problem is not being raised here because we have discovered the secret of its solution; nor are we raising it because we wish to deny revolutionary status to the working class. On the contrary, we believe that if socialism is ever achieved, it will be first and foremost the workers who will achieve it. We wholly disagree with Lewis Corey's proposal, as expressed some months ago in *The Nation*, that in order to avoid alienating other strata of the population radicals should drop their emphasis on the proletariat as the "carrier of socialism." It is spiritless advice, for it ignores the fact that this class has not been in want of allies when-

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ever it succeeded in demonstrating its unity and militancy. At any rate, considering the difficulties that have been encountered in winning the proletariat to socialism, it seems likely that other strata would prove even less susceptible to such appeals.

The rejection of such proposals, however, should not deter Marxists from examining anew their estimate of the proletariat, particularly in its relation to its parties and leaders. Their views in this matter suffer, we think, from abstraction and from teleological illusions. Instead of using the historical experience of the last few decades to re-examine the problem of leadership, most of them still accept, for example, Lenin's theory of a "vanguard" of professional revolutionists as a reliable instrument of the masses. But this theory of party-organization has failed to stand up against the criticism of its opponents; and whatever its rationale may have been prior to the emergence of Stalinism and fascism, at present it can be seen that it is not immune to totalitarian ideas and practices. One cannot sympathize with Trotsky's desire to generalize the organizational forms produced by the exigencies of the Russian situation into a code of laws to be applied in all countries and at all times. The question of leadership has become so central that it requires a complete theoretical overhauling.

RENEWAL AND REVISION

Marxism cannot grow as a science and art of the social revolution if it resists renewal and revision. Yes, it is certainly true that most attempts at revision, in this period no less than in the past, have been attempts to emasculate rather to invigorate Marxist thought; but this does not mean that no other kind of revision is possible; nor does it justify the deep-seated hostility of the orthodox to any challenge of the old formulas. That which is dead must be pronounced dead and given a decent burial, so that which is alive might all the more efficiently assert its powers and values. Consider, for example, the pitiful efforts of the old-time theoreticians to defend the principles of dialectical materialism against the onslaughts of scientifically-minded critcs, such as Sidney Hook and James Burnham. This controversy proved, we think, that the dialectic is in no sense subject to experimental verification and that the statements made in its behalf are metaphysical through and through. In the writings of the classic Marxists it functions not as

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scientific method but as a source of metaphors relating to the ideas of change and transformation, and as a peculiar and often quite effective syntax of dramatic discourse.

To deprive Marxism of the cosmological security which the dialectic seemed to provide is not at all to impair its strength, as its fundamentalist defenders would have us believe. Its assets still far exceed its liabilities: it remains the greatest contribution to social science and to the technique of social action made in modern times. The materialist interpretation of history (in its larger aspects, and not necessarily in all its applications by individual Marxists), the theory of the class struggle, of the state, of bourgeois economy, of imperialist conflicts, the theory and strategy of internationalism, the analysis of reformist movements—all these have retained their vitality, and though they can bear amplification and correction they are still as valid today as they were yesterday. The liabilities of Marxism, on the other hand, are also not a few in number; and these include, in our opinion, not only the dialectic and the defective concept of the mass-leadership relation, but likewise its "history is on our side" mysticism, the fetishism of economy which it appears to encourage among its adherents, and the theory of the dictatorship of the proletariat in its Bolshevik incarnation insofar as it negates the forms and traditions of democracy. Here is diseased tissue which it is not enough merely to cut away. The job of replacing it must be approached creatively, not as a means of appeasing the timorous and the derelict.

MARX AND LENIN AS SCAPEGOATS

And now, having put in a strong plea for revaluation, let us see what enlightenment, if any, is to be derived from some of the more recent "revaluers." For this purpose we read with care Lewis Corey's articles in *The Nation*, to which we have already alluded, and Max Eastman's new volume, *Stalin's Russia and the Crisis in Socialism*. Well, we were not a bit enlightened; and we cannot but report that these particular revisionist efforts strike us as being no less barren than the works of the most benighted sectarians. Corey and Eastman are not really investigating Marxism; what they are doing is taking out their disappointment with the results of the Russian Revolution in punitive expeditions against Marx and Lenin.

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For one thing, their studies are virtually devoid of empirical content. They blast Stalinist Russia and the Comintern—at this late date there is nothing new in that—and then proceed to criticise Marxist ideas by the simple device of inverting them. Thus they reject the materialist explanation of the rise of Stalinism only to erect in its place a theory much less scientific—a theory of ideological determinism. According to them, the origin of Stalinism is not to be found in its concrete material and political environment but primarily in the Marxist, and more specifically, Bolshevik *ideology*. Eastman traces the roots of Stalinism "to the religious belief in a benignly evolving universe" which presumably lay behind Lenin's power politics. In other words, the dialectic is responsible. This, we submit, comes with particular bad grace from Eastman, who is so adept at exposing the Hegelian component in Marx, for what is he doing here if not endowing a system of ideas—the dialectic—with the demiurgical power to shape history!

Corey, more cautious than Eastman, is no less idealistic in his expressions. "Stalinism," he writes, "being neither mere Bonapartist reaction nor an immaculate conception, must have been at least potential in the communism of Lenin," etc., etc. Agreed, Stalinism is neither "mere Bonapartist reaction nor an immaculate conception." But why pick Lenin's communism as the scapegoat when one can point to other causal agents whose effect has manifestly been so much more tangible and substantial? What about the failure of the revolution in the west and the consequently relentless pressure of world imperialism on the isolated Soviet state? What about the backwardness of Russia's economy and culture, a backwardness which gave rise to a fatal contradiction between the newly-established socialist forms of property and the low level of the national productive forces? As for Stalinism being "at least potential in the communism of Lenin," we do not doubt it for a moment; but it is equally true and equally meaningless to say that the classless society is "at least potential" in the fascism of Hitler. Frankly, we do not recognize the author of a book called *The Decline of American Capitalism* in these mystifications that make ideological factors automatically potent and material factors automatically impotent. Corey announced that he is "charting new directions and landmarks"; the tone and content of his articles, however, suggest more the panicky fugitive than the daring explorer.

P. R.

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T. S. ELIOT

East Coker

I.

In my beginning is my end. In succession
Houses rise and fall, crumble, are extended,
Are removed, destroyed, restored, or in their place
Is an open field, or a factory, or a by-pass.
Old stone to new building, old timber to new fires,
Old fires to ashes, and ashes to the earth
Which is already flesh, fur and faeces,
Bone of man and beast, cornstalk and leaf.
Houses live and die: there is a time for building
And a time for living and for generation
And a time for the wind to break the loosened pane
And to shake the wainscot where the field-mouse trots
And to shake the tattered aresse woven with a silent motto.

In my beginning is my end. Now the light falls
Across the open field, leaving the deep lane
Shuttered with branches, dark in the afternoon,
Where you lean against a bank while a van passes,
And the deep lane insists on the direction
Into the village, in the electric heat
Hypnotised. In a warm haze the sultry light
Is absorbed, not refracted, by grey stone.
The dahlias sleep in the empty silence.
Wait for the early owl.

In that open field
If you do not come too close, if you do not come too close,
On a Summer midnight, you can hear the music
Of the weak pipe and the little drum
And see them dancing around the bonfire
The association of man and woman
In daunsinge, signifying matrimonie—

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A dignified and commodious sacrament.
Two and two, necessarye coniunction,
Holding eche other by the hand or the arm
Whiche betokeneth concorde. Round and round the fire
Leaping through the flames, or joined in circles,
Rustically solemn or in rustic laughter
Lifting heavy feet in clumsy shoes
Earth feet, loam feet, lifted in country mirth
Mirth of those long since under earth
Nourishing the corn. Keeping time,
Keeping the rhythm in their dancing
As in their living in the living seasons
The time of the seasons and the constellations
The time of milking and the time of harvest
The time of the coupling of man and woman
And that of beasts. Feet rising and falling.
Eating and drinking. Dung and death.

Dawn points, and another day
Prepares for heat and silence. Out at sea the dawn wind
Wrinkles and slides. I am here
Or there, or elsewhere. In my beginning.

II.

What is the late November doing
With the disturbance of the spring
And creatures of the summer heat,
And snowdrops writhing under feet
And hollyhocks that aim too high
Red into grey and tumble down
Late roses filled with early snow?
Thunder rolled by the rolling stars
Simulates triumphal cars
Deployed in constellated wars
Scorpion fights against the Sun
Until the Sun and Moon go down
Comets weep and Leonids fly

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Hunt the heavens and the plains
Whirled in a vortex that shall bring
The world to that destructive fire
Which burns before the ice-cap reigns.

That was a way of putting it—not very satisfactory:
A periphrastic study in a worn-out poetical fashion,
Leaving one still with the intolerable wrestle
With words and meanings. The poetry does not matter.
It was not (to start again) what one had expected.
What was to be the value of the long looked forward to,
Long hoped for calm, the autumnal serenity
And the wisdom of age? Had they deceived us
Or deceived themselves, the quiet-voiced elders,
Bequeathing us merely a receipt for deceit?
The serenity only a deliberate hebetude,
The wisdom only the knowledge of dead secrets
Useless in the darkness into which they peered
Or from which they turned their eyes. There is, it seems to us,
At best, only a limited value
In the knowledge derived from experience.
The knowledge imposes a pattern, and falsifies,
For the pattern is new in every moment
And every moment is a new and shocking
Valuation of all we have been. We are only undeceived
Of that which, deceiving, could no longer harm.
In the middle, not only in the middle of the way
But all the way, in a dark wood, in a bramble,
On the edge of a grimpen, where is no secure foothold,
And menaced by monsters, fancy lights,
Risking enchantment. Do not let me hear
Of the wisdom of old men, but rather of their folly,
Their fear of fear and frenzy, their fear of possession,
Of belonging to another, or to others, or to God.
The only wisdom we can hope to acquire
Is the wisdom of humility: humility is endless.

The houses are all gone under the sea.

The dancers are all gone under the hill.

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III.

O dark dark dark. They all go into the dark,
The vacant interstellar spaces, the vacant into the vacant,
The captains, merchant bankers, eminent men of letters,
The generous patrons of art, the statesmen and the rulers,
Distinguished civil servants, chairmen of many committees,
Industrial lords and petty contractors, all go into the dark,
And dark the Sun and Moon, and the Almanach de Gotha
And the Stock Exchange Gazette, the Directory of Directors,
And cold the sense and lost the motive of action.
And we all go with them, into the silent funeral,
Nobody's funeral, for there is no one to bury.
I said to my soul, be still, and let the dark come upon you
Which shall be the darkness of God. As, in a theatre,
The lights are extinguished, for the scene to be changed
With a hollow rumble of wings, with a movement of darkness on darkness,
And we know that the hills and the trees, the distant panorama
And the bold imposing façade are all being rolled away—
Or as, when an underground train, in the tube, stops too long between stations
And the conversation rises and slowly fades into silence
And you see behind every face the mental emptiness deepen
Leaving only the growing terror of nothing to think about;
Or when, under ether, the mind is conscious but conscious of nothing—
I said to my soul, be still, and wait without hope
For hope would be hope for the wrong thing; wait without love
For love would be love of the wrong thing; there is yet faith
But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.
Wait without thought, for you are not ready for thought:
So the darkness shall be the light, and the stillness the dancing.

Whisper of running streams, and winter lightning.
The wild thyme unseen and the wild strawberry,
The laughter in the garden, echoed ecstasy
Not lost, but requiring, pointing to the agony
Of death and birth

You say I am repeating

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Something I have said before. I shall say it again.
Shall I say it here and now? In order to arrive there,
To arrive where you are, to get from where you are not,
You must go by a way wherein there is no ecstasy.
In order to arrive at what you do not know
You must go by a way which is the way of ignorance.
In order to possess what you do not possess
You must go by the way of dispossession.
In order to arrive at what you are not
You must go through the way in which you are not.
And what you do not know is the only thing you know
And what you own is what you do not own
And where you are is where you are not.

IV.

The wounded surgeon plies the steel
That questions the distempered part;
Beneath the bleeding hands we feel
The sharp compassion of the healer's art
Resolving the enigma of the fever chart.

Our only health is the disease
If we obey the dying nurse
Whose constant care is not to please
But to remind of our, and Adam's curse,
And that, to be restored, our sickness must grow worse.

The whole earth is our hospital
Endowed by the ruined millionaire,
Wherein, if we do well, we shall
Die of the absolute paternal care
That will not leave us, but torments us everywhere.

The chill ascends from feet to knees,
The fever sings in mental wires.
If to be warmed, then I must freeze
And quake in frigid purgatorial fires

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Of which the flame is roses, and the smoke is briars.

The dripping blood our only drink,
The bloody flesh our only food:
In spite of which we like to think
That we are sound, substantial flesh and blood—
Again, in spite of that, we call this Friday good.

V.

So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years—
Twenty years largely wasted, the years of *l'entre deux guerres*—
Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure
Because one has only learnt to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which
One is no longer disposed to say it. And so each venture
Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate
With shabby equipment always deteriorating
In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,
Undisciplined squads of emotion. And what there is to conquer
By strength and submission, has already been discovered
Once or twice, or several times, by men whom one cannot hope
To emulate—but there is no competition—
There is only the fight to recover what has been lost
And found and lost again and again: and now, under conditions
That seem unpropitious. But perhaps neither gain nor loss.
For us, there is only the trying. The rest is not our business.

Home is where one starts from. As we grow older
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living. Not the intense moment
Isolated, with no before and after,
But a lifetime burning in every moment
And not the lifetime of one man only
But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.
There is a time for the evening under starlight,

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A time for the evening under lamplight
(The evening with the photograph album).
Love is most nearly itself
When here and now cease to matter.
Old men ought to be explorers
Here or there does not matter
We must be still and still moving
Into another intensity
For a further union, a deeper communion
Through the dark cold and the empty desolation,
The wave cry, the wind cry, the vast waters
Of the petrel and the porpoise. In my end is my beginning.

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A Goat for Azazel (A.D. 1688)

Katherine Anne Porter

MARTHA GOODWIN, fourteen year old, elder daughter of a pious brick mason named John Goodwin, was behaving very strangely. She had been behaving with conspicuous strangeness since she was eleven years old and it had long been suspected that she was in the grip of a diabolical possession. Cotton Mather early noted her symptoms and marked their progress. The Goodwins lived in Charlestown, and during a Sabbath visit to his father-in-law, John Phillips, Mather heard an encouraging bit of gossip.

Not only Martha, but all four of Goodwin's children had fallen, almost overnight, into a state of mind very puzzling and sinister. Little Mercy, seven years old, was in a continual tantrum. She yelled and her body grew rigid while she was being dressed; she refused to do the useful household task suitable to her age; and she would not, without a fearful struggle, allow herself to be put to bed at the customary hour. Naturally the Devil found an easy abiding-place in the bodies of children, conceived as they were, poisoned to the bone with original sin, but a sound beating would usually dislodge him. He sat firmly in this child against all such persuasions. The slightest rebuke from her parents affected her like a lightning shock. She fell prone, turned blue in the face, her eyes rolled upward and her teeth clenched in a paroxysm of lockjaw. The elder son, sixteen years old, shouted that he was a wolf, retired into corners and howled bestially. The third child, John, suffered with shooting pains, and showed signs of epilepsy. He would sprawl on the floor and scream that he could not get up again because his head was nailed to the floor.

Martha was a pretty, inventive, restless girl. She suffered all the afflictions of the others, with a few added symptoms acutely her own.

One afflicted child had been troublesome enough, but four of them succeeded in terrorizing their parents completely. They called

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on their pastor and several other ministers to come and help them rout the invisible hosts that had chosen their humble household as a battlefield.

The last minister to be invited was Cotton Mather. With his genius for instant action, Cotton Mather was the first man there. The prayer-meeting was called for an afternoon. He arrived alone, early in the morning, held his prayer service by himself, recognized at a glance all the signs of true demoniacal possession in the children, and advised their father to look about for the witch.

At this the children howled in dead earnest, and their sufferings were redoubled. By the time the other ministers arrived, among them Mr. John Hale of Beverly and Mr. Samuel Noyes of Salem, the children had been struck stone-deaf and could not hear the prayers. When the reverend gentlemen produced their Bibles, the devil-possessed were provoked to roll on the floor and kick at them.

The uproar continued for days, amid daily festivals of prayer and the fascinated attentions of the neighbors. The sufferings of the children rivalled those of the children of Sweden, Mather's favorite witch ground. Pins were discovered sticking lightly under their skins. They vomited pins and nails and other unnatural substances. They wore themselves out with acrobatic feats, bending backwards until their heads touched their heels, while their arms and legs appeared to be wrenched from the sockets by invisible hands.

At nightfall, recovered somewhat, they would eat hearty suppers and settle down for a good sleep. Cotton Mather suggested a three-day fast, and they weakened noticeably under it. Being fed again, their torments were renewed with sinister complications.

Martha named the witch. Some time before, she had quarrelled with the laundress, a girl of her own age, accusing her of stealing some linens. The girl was the daughter of Bridget Glover, an Irish woman who supported her family, with the help of her older children, by washing clothes for the neighbors. She was considered a little crazy, because she was excitable, and when she was excited she spoke Gaelic. But she had a free command of vituperation in English and her loose way of talking offended a great many people. She was a Catholic, really worse than a Quaker, and she had been called a witch more than once.

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Bridget Glover joined in the quarrel and defended her child. She went over to the Goodwin house and shouted angrily and made incoherent threats. It was a foolish row over the back fence, but through skillful handling by Cotton Mather it became the most sensational episode in Boston for the next six months. The exact words spoken by Bridget Glover will never be known. Indeed, the facts of the case cannot now be learned, for it was recorded by Cotton Mather, who was interpreting by a formula, and the event followed the perfect classical pattern. Each member of the Goodwin family gave a different version of her speeches, but all agreed that she had spoken repeatedly of the Devil and had cursed them in the manner of a witch. Cotton Mather conferred with his friend Mr. Hale, who agreed with him that this was matter for the authorities. Bridget Glover was formally accused of witchcraft, and brought before the magistrates for examination.

When they began to question her, so the story runs, she stammered a moment, lapsed into Gaelic, and never again spoke a word of English. It was necessary to conduct her trial through an interpreter. There is little doubt that she was full of fairy lore, a firm believer in ancient signs and wonders. This was not strange, nor even criminal. Good Congregationalists had to be reminded from the pulpit, now and again, that they must not turn the sieve and shears, wear amulets, and recite charms when they dug for healing herbs. The records are so confused in Bridget's case that there is no way of knowing what arts she practised. The Irish bravado overcame her when confronted by her enemies, and she boasted that indeed she was a witch, and a good one. She had done all they charged her with, and more; she hinted she could tell great things if she pleased.

The interpreters said so, at least. They also interrupted, on their own responsibility, to add that she appeared to be dominated in turn by a black magic superior to her own and was restrained from telling tales by being forced to talk in a language which the demons believed no one else in Boston could understand. The crack-brained logic of the demons left their servant defenseless, and the trial went on smoothly.

Point by point the evidence corresponded with the best traditions. Rag figures stuffed with goat's wool were found in her house and produced in court. She admitted she had made them, and said

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her way of tormenting her victims was to wet her finger in her mouth and stroke these dolls. The Goodwin children were brought in, fell to roaring at the sight of her, and when she touched one of the dolls they flew obligingly into fits.

Cotton Mather sat at the examination and took his endless notes. It was better than he had hoped for.

The witch was invited to name her counsel. "Have you no one to stand by you?" asked a magistrate.

"I have," she said, and looked pertly into the air. "No, he's gone!"

She explained, the faithful interpreters said, that she meant her Prince. This seemed so curious they doubted if she was sane. Half a dozen physicians came to talk with her. They inquired first about the state of her soul. "You ask me a very solemn question, I cannot tell what to say to it." They desired her to repeat the Pater Noster. She stumbled in some of the passages and excused her bad Latin by saying she could not pronounce those words if they gave her all the world. The doctors, too, had read the best authorities on witchcraft. They decided that she was sane, and a witch.

Cotton Mather, in his own account of this episode, told how he posted himself with the interpreters outside her cell, where they heard her quarrelling with her spectral demon, saying she had confessed to revenge herself for his falseness to her. Mather harried the fantastical creature, visiting her almost every day as she sat chained in her cell. In rambling wild talk she let her fancy go, according to the interpreters: and told of meetings with her Prince in company with other worshippers of his, though she would not name them; and confessed that she knew her Prince to be the Devil. Mather told her that her Prince had cheated her badly. "If that be so, I am sorry," said Bridget. She refused to answer some of his questions, explaining that her spirits forbade her to speak. As a Catholic she so feared and hated his heretic prayers that she implored him not to pray for her until her spirits gave her leave to listen.

She was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Mather could not rest on this. He went around and collected all the neighborhood gossip about her. Festering grievances and old hatreds were reopened; a Mrs. Hughes remembered that her small son had waked one night crying that a woman was in the room, she had

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reached under the bedclothes and tried to tear out his bowels. She said that Bridget, when accused of this, had confessed it was herself in spectre. This Mrs. Hughes, under Mather's questioning, enjoyed great refreshment of memory. A friend of hers had died six years before, declaring with her last breath that Bridget Glover had murdered her in spectre. Further—and this is the perfect Mather touch—the dying woman had warned Mrs. Hughes to remember this, for in six years there would be great occasion to mention it.

The six years were now finished. After sitting in prison for some months, Bridget Glover was taken out and hanged. On the scaffold she spoke out clearly and strongly in Irish. The interpreter came down off the ladder and translated the speech to Mather, waiting below. She said that the children would not be relieved by her death, for there were others besides herself had a hand in their sufferings.

This was truth with unconscious irony. The ones who had a hand in it published this statement at once, and the Goodwin children fell into fresh complexities of torment.

Cotton Mather sat in the Goodwin house and urged the wretched little animals onward. They had begun with a fine holiday of rebellion, and now found themselves caught in a horrible device that really frightened them. They were no longer allowed to invent their own tortures, but suffered assault from without. Invisible hands smacked them rudely, and large bruises appeared on their bodies to prove it. On being assured that the spectres had done it, they said they could see the shadows moving about the room. Demoralized with terror, they would point them out, and Cotton Mather would aim a blow at this place. Strangely enough, the child who pointed, though his back was turned, would receive a stout thwack also. Howling, he would speak the names that occurred, or had been suggested, to him, and Cotton Mather wrote them down, with the comment that all the persons named had been since suspected of witchcraft. Invariably, he would observe within a few days that a suspected woman would be wearing an unaccountable bruise on the very part of her body where he had struck at her spectre a few days previously. He does not explain how he went about making these discoveries. He failed in gathering enough evidence to justify the arrest of any one of them.

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The solemn farce went on. The children were now quite bewildered, but they still had presence of mind enough to remember the main issue. During all the months that Bridget Glover sat chained waiting for her death, they concerned themselves with putting off the bedtime hour, getting out of their chores, and escaping family prayer. The neighbors crowded in as to a deathbed. This was better than a deathbed or a hanging, for it had the tang of novelty and supernatural danger. The children barked, purred, growled, leaped like wild animals, and attempted to fly like birds, or like witches. The watchers restrained them from harming themselves. When they pulled their neck-cloths so tightly they almost choked, someone was always on hand to relieve them. They almost fell in the fire, and they almost drowned themselves, but someone nearby hauled them out in the nick of time. If anyone dared to touch a Bible, those religion-surfeited infants almost died. They tore their clothes and broke glasses and spilled their cups, and mewed with delight; and to save their lives they could not do the simplest task without making a frightful mess of it. No one dared to punish them—were they not innocent victims of the Devil?

Mather continued to tell them the spectres had done everything, and did not fail verbally to point the way to grace. "Child, pray to the Lord Jesus Christ," he admonished them in turn. Immediately their teeth clenched over their tongues and they stared at him. "Child, look to Him," he advised, and their eyes were pulled instantly so far into their heads he professed a fear that they would never emerge again.

This grew monotonous, and Mather chose the interesting member of the family for closer observation. He took Martha to live in his house. She was gifted, pretty, and full of wit, and the others were merely noisy and stubborn and tiresome.

Away from the stuffy, disordered cottage, Martha behaved herself very nicely at first. The big fine Mather house with its handsome furniture, silver, books, servants, impressed her. Good food, a soft bed, and the gentleness of Abigail, Mather's young wife, were very disarming. Everything was pleasant except the persistent praying and the constant watching of all her movements.

She grew restless in a few days. In a voice of distress she announced to Cotton Mather that They had found her out, and at

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once she had a fit of choking and her throat swelled until she was threatened with strangulation. Mather held her and stroked her throat until the fit passed. Whenever the fits returned, he could always cure her with this stroking, a remedy in common use by the lower order of witches.

For several months the Mather household lived in tumult. Martha was the center of attraction, and she repaid the attentions given her. A dozen times a day Mather forced her to her knees to pray with her. She clapped her hands over her ears and declared They were raising such a clamor she could not hear a word. At times she walked with a heavy limp, and she explained that They had clamped Bridget Glover's chain on her leg. Mather would strike at the invisible chain and it would fall away. In his headlong battle with the Devil, he used with precision the methods of witchcraft described by those professional witchfinders Perkins, Gaule, Bernard; and Martha responded properly. She surmised hidden silver in the well, and it was found there. She spoke in strange languages, and "her belly would on a sudden be puft up strangely," one of the marks of diabolical possession as quoted by Increase Mather in his useful table; now, I believe, noted as one of the common symptoms of intestinal worms; and she did all these things with high dramatic effect.

She was forever getting into states where Cotton Mather must hurry to her rescue, and at times his powers of exorcism were tried severely. After a while, her mood would change into a charming gayety. For days she would talk, "never wickedly," wrote Mather with affectionate admiration, "but always wittily and beyond herself." He loved wit and gayety, and he dared not confess this taste to the society he lived in; but he could not deny himself the perverse joy he took in Martha's youth and spirits. She was so entertaining in these moods he could not reprove her. His role of religious guardian and exorcist forbade him to play a foil to her, and her spirits flashed themselves away in empty air, unsatisfied. Relapsing into her dark mood, she would say, "I want to steal, or be drunk—then I would get well."

Martha was the first, and the most imaginative, of all the girls who were to follow her in a blind destructive rebellion against the perversion of life through religion, in the theocratic state. Revolt was working in all directions; it was fermenting in politics,

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in the church, in labor, in the economic system; after two generations the whole body of society was heaving with premonitions of change. The children merely followed their sure instincts, but they were not understood, and Cotton Mather at twenty-eight years was in a position of power he was in no way fitted to assume. He used any weapon that came his way, but his personal desires blinded his judgment, and so he chose badly. He was bound to make of this absurd episode an issue of first importance in the history of his career, and he succeeded. He had proved his power as a witch-finder in the case of Bridget Glover, and he believed that a cure of Martha would establish finally the supernatural authority he craved: to be marked and set apart as the intimate of God, the most potent enemy of the Devil in New England, and in the world. First he must convince the Governor and the magistrates and the ministers of Boston that he could truly cast out devils. The rest would follow.

Martha's personality was a disturbing element, not to his greater plan but in his secret self. Neither of them realized fully the nature of the tension between them, and they played a gruesome game of Blind-Man's Buff. She tormented and tantalized him endlessly, and he held her and prayed with her while she struggled in her recurrent frenzies. At times these scenes were mere romps between them; at other moments they touched the edge of horror: he stared fascinated as she flung herself down before him writhing, crying for him to save her from her demons. He listened to her blasphemies as long as he dared, then stroked and soothed her into calm. She would work herself into a dangerous state and kick and strike at him; but always the blow that began in violence ended in a light pat of the finger tips or a soft nudge of the toe.

Day and night were the same to Martha. She would rise out of her sleep crying that her devil-horse was waiting for her. Mounting a chair, she would gallop about the room. Once, seated on air in the posture of a woman on horseback, she galloped up a flight of stairs, and Mather admired this feat so much he almost forgot its devilish inspiration. In this mood her boisterious humor grew very broad in the best seventeenth-century manner. If her stomach made sounds of disturbed digestion, she would exclaim, "Something is going away from me!", clasp her head in her palm and complain of faintness. Mather, listening solemnly for some statement from the demon inhabiting her, would declare indeed he

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had heard the squeaking of a mouse. If he tried to persuade her to speak the Holy Name, she would answer flippantly, "Oh, you know what it is! It is G and O and D!"

All profitable and edifying literature threw her into confusion. Books in favor of the Quakers calmed her, but she could not endure a word against them. She enjoyed Popish books, and went blind at the sight of the Assembly catechism. She hugged the accursed book of common prayer to her bosom, calling it her Bible. Mather noted with mystification and some chagrin that his own books worked like a poison in her. He gave her his story of bewitched Ann Cole, of Hartford, who was unutterably pious, even in her fits. Ann Cole's pieties gave Martha the worst convulsions of all.

It began to look as if the battle were lost, for Mather was so enchanted with her vitality and imagination he was losing control over her. Her tenderness then took an odd turn. She decided to flatter him outrageously. Flying as if pursued by an army of devils she burst in at his study door, paused with a sigh of relief, and told him she had come there for sanctuary. The devils could not enter there, the place was holy and God forbade it to them. She sat the whole afternoon by his side, demurely reading the Bible. At dark she went to the door and set her foot experimentally over the threshold. Her ghostly steed was waiting for her, her devils seized her, and she was off on her wild career seated on air.

Mather had waited long for some demonstration that his study was in fact a holy of holies. He wished for definitive proof. He pursued her, and dragged her again over the magic doorsill. She resisted furiously, fell, scuffled with her feet, and threw her weight upon him so that he was almost forced to carry her outright. After incredible toil the goal was gained and the delightful miracle repeated itself. They were both out of breath, but she recovered first, stood up beaming, and said, "Now I am well!"

This was plainly a marvel very creditable to them both. Mather called in several ministers and repeated the scene successfully half a dozen times before witnesses who infallibly would spread the story in its proper light. It then occurred to him, or was suggested, that further demonstrations of this kind were dangerous, as savoring slightly of witchcraft in themselves. Besides, it was no longer necessary. Martha for no apparent reason became perfectly subdued.

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It was now early fall. Abigail was expecting her third child, and the constant excitement had wearied her. She lived in deep retirement, and no comment of hers is recorded concerning this episode. Martha was to stay on for a while to insure her recovery. She spent her afternoons reading pious books in Mather's study, and the household quieted down.

During this inexplicable period of calm, Mather began preparing his pamphlet on Martha's case, together with a sermon entitled "The Nature and Reality of Witchcraft." Martha grew very annoyed at this, and her manner towards him underwent a mysterious change. Previously she had treated him with some respect, even in her rages; she had made love to him in her primitive way. Now she was bold and impudent; with her cutting young-girl wit she slashed at her patron and protector. He was startled and displeased at the new kind of demon that had got into Martha. Possibly she had not believed he was taking it all so seriously. When she discovered how completely she had befooled him, she was a changed girl.

In all his life no one had dared to interrupt Cotton Mather at his holy labors. Martha knocked loudly at his door whenever she pleased, and invented scandalous pretexts to annoy him. "There is someone below would be glad to see you!" she shouted one day. Mather went down, found no one, and scolded her for telling falsehoods. She retorted, "Mrs. Mather is always glad to see you!"

He understood nothing about women, and he never learned anything about them; this outburst of jealousy confounded him. A dozen times a day she was at his door, and would have him out on one excuse or another. The attention that had been given her was not going to be diverted to a sermon about her if she could help it. She threw heavy books and other objects at him, being careful not to hit him. She would follow him upstairs and down, heckling and ridiculing him about his foolish sermon, vowing she would revenge herself on him for writing it.

She rummaged through his papers, a desperate impertinence, and got hold of his precious document on witchcraft. She had read it while he was writing it, at least a hundred times, says Mather. Now she could not get one word of it straight, but made a parody of it as she went, with such aptness and humor Mather

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laughed in spite of himself. At once she grew very earnest, and in a bitter voice she prophesied that he "should quickly come to disgrace by that history."

She told him every day as clearly as she could in symbolic acts and words that she was making him ridiculous, but his obsessional self-concentration kept him blinded. He went on exhibiting her, and she rose to her audiences like the gifted actress she was.

A number of young ministers came to witness her performances. Mather talked to them in Latin; if he told her to look to God, he said, her eyes would be fairly put out. The clever girl clenched her eyelids. This was impressive, and they began trying her demon with languages. He knew Greek and Hebrew also. The Indian dialects floored the demon, and the gentlemen conversed in these. Then they all knelt and prayed affectionately for Martha, while she sprawled gracelessly on the floor, with her belly swelled strangely, and made croaking noises. She whistled, sang, shouted, and covered her ears to shut out the painful sound of prayer. Rising to her knees, she tried to strike Mather, could not, and begged the others to strike him for her: "He has wounded me in the *head!*" she wept. "Lord, have mercy on a daughter vexed with a Devil," prayed Mather. Martha sank her voice into her throat, as if a demon of grisly humor spoke within her: "There's two or three of us."

This was almost the end. Martha's energies were about exhausted, her inventiveness would go no further. In the evening of this day, she grew merry for a while, and later went quietly to bed. In the night she began weeping terribly, and when Mather went to quiet her she told him she repented of all she had said and done. She was beginning to realize her situation and to be ashamed.

At Christmas, she relapsed and gave a lively imitation of a drunken person, babbling and reeling and spewing. Mather was pained, insisted that she had had nothing to drink, and ended by admiring her talent for impersonation. She recovered shortly, wept again, and made one of her enigmatic remarks: "They will disgrace me when they can do nothing more." Mather thought she spoke of her demons.

Martha was growing up. She knew well that her day was over. A sudden sickness came upon her. She pulled and tossed and moaned and sweated in some profound disturbance, crying out

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that she was afraid to die alone, someone must die with her. Even in this state, she paraphrased a psalm so brilliantly that Mather was amazed again, for the last time. She resigned herself to death, prophecied Indian wars and a great tragedy upon the country, and recovered.

Her brothers and small sister, without Martha to inflame them, had been reduced to their usual behavior. Mather sent her home.

Here Martha's personal history ceases, but not the consequences of this fateful period of her life. She became, Mather recorded merely, very docile, very silent; and remained a submissive Christian girl. He made a legend of her, and the drama of Martha Goodwin and Bridget Glover took hold of the popular imagination and was recalled again and again during the Salem Witchcraft, four years later.

Mather preached his sermon on the nature and reality of witchcraft, and afterward published it, an initiate statement of the inner organization of the witch cult in New England, and elsewhere, its rules, ceremonies, feasts, and dark purposes. He was gradually persuading himself that the putting to death of witches was a blood-sacrifice tending to placate the Devil. His mind was a little confused between the rôle played by the ancient Hebrew scape-goat and an obscure doctrine of the early Christians that Christ shed his blood not as an offering to God the Father for the remission of sins but as an act of propitiation to the Devil on behalf of mankind. A passage from the witchcraft section of his *Magnalia Christi Americana* is poetically applicable to Bridget Glover's part in the Goodwin episode: "When two goats were offered unto the Lord (and only unto the Lord) we read that one of them was to fall by lot to Azazel . . . it is no other than the name of the Devil himself."

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Art Chronicle:

The Museum of Modern Art
(as surveyed from the Avant-Garde)

IT IS SOMETHING less than an exaggeration to state that the painting and sculpture being "encouraged" in America during the present period is more esthetically barren and tasteless than anything that the world has previously produced. One may indeed search history for an expressive medium more debased than the picturesque pseudo-realism that fills our museums today.

The new American vulgarity and its prompt acceptance by our official art-mentors has roots deeply concealed among the recent social maladjustments that have been harassing artist and patron alike. The economic situation has now grown sufficiently apparent for the ruling classes (occasionally, at any rate) to turn from moonlit seascapes, or kittens in baskets, to bald illustrations of the obvious social discontent. So it has come about that Mr. Marshall Field now buys paintings of the Missouri dust-bowl (by Benton) and the Rockefellers acquire technically antiquated renditions of the underprivileged. In this way collectors are led to believe that they are being liberal and "up with the times." But confront them with a work that is indicative of change through any internal or plastic means, and their reaction will be one of immediate hostility. For such work threatens the security of all their standards.

It is a matter for small surprise, therefore, that here as in Europe any move in the direction of quality must be formed against the popular current. The continued failure of the Museum of Modern Art to provide any sort of frontier or rallying-ground accounts for the bitterness with which the avant-garde artist has come to regard this institution. Such opposition is of a different type from that which he exhibits toward the Whitney Museum, which has been so thoroughly *pompier* from the start that no deviations toward esthetic pretentions could now be remotely envisaged. Similarly, from the Metropolitan, where the contemporary displays have long provided an obvious laughing-stock, nothing more distinguished could be conceivably expected than a laudable display of Egyptian statuary.

The Modern Museum was different. It would come tantalizingly near to providing an entering wedge, only to reverse its field in favor of the easier standards of the commercial galleries. Yet it could never be quite forgotten that its opening exhibition, in the darkest days of the bourgeois apotheosis (1929), had shed the most hopeful beam since the Armory Show; the museum had dared to open with an exhibition of Cézanne, Gauguin, Seurat, and Van Gogh. Of course, to a cultured community, this might not appear to be a very daring selection, as the painters in question

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had all been dead for a respectable number of decades. But the important point was that an ably promoted organization was showing works not yet accepted by the academies and gave promise of opening a way for even newer traditions.

The second show gave a hint that something was turning sour. Nineteen Americans were presented who, although physically alive, seemed much less radical than the nineteenth century Frenchmen. And the succeeding exhibitions dispersed all hopes for the present; trustees' pets began to rear their ugly heads, and the climax was reached when the museum presented as its first one-man show (of all things!) the quaint early water-colors of Burchfield.

This period, with the Depression growing apace, was palpably uncertain, and the quality of the exhibitions fluctuated like the stock market. All sorts of items were assembled that might have a connection with modern art, some of which (like the Persian frescoes) were interesting. Occasionally there would be fluctuations within a single show, as when Lautrec was curiously paired with Redon, and Daumier with Corot. The following year brought forward Matisse and Rivera. The first-named is indubitably one of the important contemporary artists (or had been, at least, around 1912) but the show was so padded with the more familiar aspects of his saleable articles that the Fauve leader's reputation was hardly enhanced. The Rivera exhibition tellingly demonstrated that what enthusiastic critics had mistaken for stylistic monumentality amounted to little more than an insensitive heaviness with picturesque accoutrements; an influence was deflated which even the Rockefeller fresco-scandal was unable to revive. All this time Picasso, Brancusi, Léger, Braque, and Miró were shown by isolated examples that were sometimes fine in quality but usually among such ill-assorted companions that their significance easily eluded the public.

The museum passed onward in 1933 to a baroque building of its own and a new period which it is hoped will remain the least remembered. One-man shows came thick and fast. Maurice Sterne (friend of Mr. Lewisohn, trustee) was given a vast display of his doleful work; Hopper (friend of Mr. Clark, trustee), Lachaise (a sort of hostile friend to several trustees), George Caleb Bingham (who might have been a friend of all the trustees, had he not died in 1879) and Van Gogh indicate the variety of these solo exhibitions. Still other artists were Otto Dix, H. H. Richardson, Léger (the only one to be denied the dignity of an adequate catalog) and Marin. There were also some large displays of primitive influences, such as African sculpture and pre-historic cave-drawings, as well as results of Federal art-patronage which would occasionally include a work in some modern idiom.

However, the most important efforts of this period were the historical surveys. In 1936 came the Cubist and Abstract Show, which probably contained more fine paintings than any which the museum has ever presented. But the historical approach can be highly dangerous, especially when it is a living tradition which is being retrospectively conceived; in this case the exhibition went far back into the nineteenth century, the

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principal weight was thrown around the years 1905-1923, and most of the more recent aspects were tucked away on the top floor. It is interesting to note that many critics and literati found it difficult to penetrate so "educational" a barrier and began to announce anew the death of abstract art; it had exactly the contrary effect on the painters, however, and the American abstract movement can trace a definite and coördinated emergence from this exhibition of 1936.

Surrealism was similarly presented a year later, and with quite the opposite effect. Critics and writers were inclined to be stirred by the anti-esthetic premises of this movement, thoroughly opposed to structural grounding. But the painters were so negligibly affected that even Dali's escapades through Fifth Avenue shop-windows could not pave the way for any important American developments in the same direction.

Circumstances rendered the museum's next period relatively calm and obscure. It retired underground to await completion of the new building, which in 1939 was opened to an expectant public.

The modern artist approached the first exhibition with a considerable degree of hope, for he was confronted at last by galleries that might form a congenial surrounding for the display of his work; it was the only American museum-building commensurate with the implications of its opening show, "Art in our Time." It soon became apparent, however, that although the building was in key with such a title, the exhibition itself suggested more accurately "Art in our Grandfathers' Time." There were, to be sure, several fine pictures, particularly from the French nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, but a single Mondrian (1936) gave about the only indication that painting had been pursuing any novel plastic course into the last decade. Again the illusion was created, as in the Abstract Show three years earlier, that paths toward a new plastic approach were being abandoned; and again there was no representation of the abstract movement in America at all.

The second show (Charles Sheeler) provided a brief blank, and was happily obliterated by the museum's most encouraging effort to date. It is idle to speculate on how the Picasso show could have been a better Picasso show (and it could have been), or whether it was really so adventurous anyway to show Picasso, who had been acknowledged as a master for more than a quarter of a century and had been included for years in many of the world's important galleries. The creative vigor presented was overwhelming, and the museum's first adequate presentation of one of the great experimental masters made a deep impression on the public. (It is interesting to record that the Picasso show had previously been put off from year to year because it had been felt that it might not draw.)

This highly successful venture was promptly followed by the most astonishing reversal of the museum's entire history. The next exhibition was of Renaissance "masterpieces." It is only fair to add that some modern paintings were simultaneously displayed on the ground floor, of which a few (such as the superb Rousseau, the Seurat, and the Juan Gris) were the equal of anything on the floor above. (America was represented by its

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three old enemies of esthetic progress,—Ryder, Homer, and the ever-"honest" Eakins. Whistler was the other American included.) At the present moment the museum is showing a vast assortment of prints by an eighteenth century Japanese, as well as an exhibition of news drawings in coöperation with the tabloid P. M.; from the latter the museum has expressed a rather naïve hope that "another Daumier" may be unearthed. (It could be ironically suggested that a show of contemporary madonnas might unearth "another Raphael.") Future prospects include a formidable Mexican survey in the months to come, which denotes further pedestrian accomplishments by Rivera, Orozco, Sequieros, etc., and perhaps some fine native utilitarian objects; and for the autumn is announced a show of American Indian works.

The museum's abandonment of the position it might have achieved can probably not be ascribed to the active staff. Mr. Barr, for instance, is a director of considerable learning. His actual sympathies are not easily gauged; he can express an interest in Constructivism; he can also write (when reviewing a book by Sheldon Cheney): "the author is apparently not much interested in the fact that subject matter even more than form is the urgent artistic problem of our day," which hardly augurs well for a support of post-Cubist movements. And the volume which he edited with Cahill, *Art in America—a Complete Survey*, was hardly as complete as the authors claimed, for once again American developments toward non-objectivity were almost completely ignored. The director excuses the museum from showing our newer plastic developments by suggesting that they are not native expressive elements, that abstraction has been done better in Europe before. As he has exhibited so many illustrative manifestations of American art we are presumably to conclude that genre-painting, portraits, and landscapes have never been satisfactorily executed in Europe.

The museum's limitations can be ascribed more basically to the inevitable fate of a contemporary cultural organization that endeavors to expand beyond the limits of a reasonably sympathetic circle in favor of the broader field of conventional bourgeois support. It was inevitable that the aim should have narrowed down to an increase in the membership and the solicitation of richer and richer trustees. The trustee-list can now boast of Edsel Ford, Marshall Field, W. S. Paley, Henry R. Luce, John Hay Whitney, and two Rockefellers. It would be difficult to expect that any program under such sponsorship could approach the standards of the relatively modest Arts' Club of Chicago, for instance, which has presented one-man shows of Brancusi and Mondrian, and this year followed up its fine Braque show with an American abstract group. And the limitations of the permanent collection become similarly apparent when compared with what the Museum of Living Art has been able to accomplish with comparatively limited expenditures. It might be well for the Modern Museum to recall what the late Bryson Burroughs, according to reports, once stated as the cause for his troubles at the Metropolitan; that in America any man who has amassed more than a certain number of millions considers himself thereby a competent connoisseur of the arts.

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS

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The Integral Humanism of Jacques Maritain

Sidney Hook

CATHOLICISM IS THE OLDEST and greatest totalitarian movement in history. Other totalitarian movements have borrowed from it even when they have fulminated against it. Its essential totalitarian character is at times obscured, particularly when it finds itself in conflict with the newer movements which must consolidate their power at its expense. Compare it with Fascism, Nazism, Stalinism. In every case the *mystique* is different; but in every case we find present not merely dogmas, sacred and profane, rituals of canonization and excommunication, but the desire to revolutionize "the soul" of man through the directing force of a highly organized minority, using those three great instruments described by Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor — *miracle*, *mystery*, and *authority* — to order a society in behalf of the interests of a bureaucratic hierarchy. *Miracle* in the form of bread in return for absolute submission; *mystery* in the form of doctrine to conceal the true source of the bread and the exploitation of those who make it; *authority* in the form of sacred script, a leader and the secular arm to make doctrinal mysteries acceptable.

The greatness of Catholicism as a movement, leaving aside the historical reasons for its varying fortunes, consists in its theoretical adaptability and practical resourcefulness. The extent of its theoretical adaptability may be gauged by the fact that in its struggles against other forms of totalitarianism, it sometimes assumes the vestment of ideological liberalism even though its authoritative spokesmen have on occasions held that the logical consequence of doctrinal liberalism is Bolshevism. Despite Jefferson's outspoken Deism, Catholic writers insist that his inspiration was Thomist. And if we are to judge by the writings of the outspoken apologists of Catholicism in Europe and America, they are just as ready, if necessity arise, to baptize Marx as they once baptized Aristotle.

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The practical resourcefulness of Catholicism is exhibited, to mention one of many things, in the skillful use it can make of everyone. It has a place and function for all who accept the Catholic dispensation—for every type of mind and personality, for every interest and talent. Soldier or social worker, scholar or man of action, poet or astronomer, converted Jew or converted Protestant—the virtues of each individual's excellence can be made to serve the purposes of the Church. Its base of common dogmas is sufficiently broad to permit of a wide and *controlled* variation. It has countenanced a modernist and fundamentalist wing in politics, a realistic and nominalist tendency in philosophy, a rationalist and mystic emphasis in theology. In the past it has found use for a St. Francis Assisi and a Torquemada just as today it can find uses for a Maritain and a Coughlin.

The New Christendom

M. Jacques Maritain has been aptly described* as the general commanding "the ordered offensive of Thomism" in the Western world. His appeal is therefore not demagogic but intellectual; his audience not the masses which follow slogans more easily than fine distinctions but the intellectuals who lead them. More particularly, his writings are addressed to those intellectuals who, dissatisfied with the cheap dogmas of current political ideologies, are seeking a way of life which can integrate the values of personal experience into a significant pattern and at the same time provide a dynamic perspective for social action—and this without intellectual stultification. Normally, Catholicism would be the last faith to which intellectuals of social conscience, historic knowledge and some intellectual training would look for such a new basis. But M. Maritain's books while breathing a simple piety and convincing personal integrity display such formal sophistication that, despite the *nihil obstats* of the *censor librorum*, they can circulate to the unconverted as illustrations of how one can be Catholic even though intelligent, yes, even though radical and intelligent. Such distinguished preaching to the unregenerated is not without its profound influence upon the faithful themselves, especially those errant sons of the Church who have grown critical of its institu-

*By Mr. Montgomery Belgion

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tional practices. Their doubts are appeased and the role of the Church in supporting the regimes of Dollfuss, Mussolini and Franco, its "neutrality" to Coughlin, appear as accidents in its temporal career, in no way related to its essential nature.

To say that M. Maritain's ideas are dangerous is no argument against them. M. Maritain would be the first to admit it. For every idea that bears on social action is dangerous—whether it be true or false. The danger of M. Maritain's ideas is greater today than they could have been at any time previously. For the demoralization of the radical and socialist movements throughout the world, the one indisputable consequence of Stalinism, gives M. Maritain his great opportunity. Already many of the literati and professionals have flocked back to their ivory towers from which the depression drove them, intellectually defenseless, into the doctrinal storms. A few of greater intelligence and moral integrity, have devoted themselves to the cultivation of a spirituality whose logical consequence, whether in Tolstoy or in Aldous Huxley, is a withdrawal not only from politics but from the world. To those whom Hitler and Stalin have not frightened into making their peace with capitalism, M. Maritain's "integral humanism" presents itself more and more as the only apparent alternative to democratic socialism in any of its reformulated variants.

M. Maritain broaches his philosophy of "integral humanism" in a subtle and persuasive way. According to him the socialist movement is a Christian heresy, doctrinally in error, but moved by the same spiritual dynamism as historical Christianity. Indeed, when M. Maritain speaks of the aims of Catholic "integral humanism," which seeks to found on a secure basis the modern and yet age-old desire for a better life, his words would not be out of place in a socialist tract.

> This new humanism, which has in it nothing in common with bourgeois humanism, and is all the more human since it does not worship man, but has a real and effective respect for human dignity, and for the rights of human personality, I see as directed towards a socio-temporal realisation of that evangelical concern for humanity which ought not to exist only in the spiritual order, but to become incarnate; and towards the ideal of a true brotherhood

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> among men. It is not to the dynamism or the imperialism of a race, or of a class, or of a nation, that it asks men to sacrifice themselves: it is for the sake of a better life for their fellows and for the concrete good of the community of human individuals. . . . (*True Humanism,* p. xvii)*

Nor is M. Maritain frightened by the revolutionary elements in Marxist thought, if only the revolution, harsh as may be its means, will uproot the "bourgeois man" whom M. Maritain loathes with an almost unchristian contempt. For M. Maritain, the social ideals of Marxism are not objectionable. The Marxian critique of capitalist economy and of the consequences of the operation of that economy upon human freedom and culture is described as a "great lightning-flash of truth." It is only the "metaphysical" basis of Marxism, its atheism, which M. Maritain deplores because it results in the apotheosis of collective man, in the conception of the absolute sovereignty of the collectivity, and negation of true personality whose ends are not all historical, social, or natural. That "Marxism" has a dogmatic metaphysics, false though it is, makes it superior to bourgeois nominalism which has no metaphysics.** Substitute the true metaphysics for the false, the religion of Catholicism for the "religion" of Socialism, then the social revolution of the Marxists, without abating one jot of its fiery opposition to capitalism and bourgeois humanism, can more surely move towards its legitimate objectives—without of course ever achieving the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth. M. Maritain is profoundly indifferent to the fate of bourgeois property. Nor does the church's real estate seem to concern him overmuch, for once the Marxist heresy is supplanted by the true doctrine, there will be no reason to be suspicious of the corporate property of God's shepherds which, after all, is held in trust for the flock.

The assumption that Marxism is a Christian heresy seems to

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*New York: Chas. Scribners Sons, 1938. I have centred the argument around this book because it is the latest available to me.

**This is also the judgment of the eminent Catholic historian, E. Gilson. "Against the crude, yet fundamentally sound craving of Marxism [Stalinism] for positive and dogmatic truth, the skepticism of our decadent philosophy [all non-Thomistic philosophy] has not a chance. It deserves to be destroyed as it actually is in the minds of many of our contemporaries who embrace Marxism because it is the only dogmatism they know." *The Unity of Philosophical Experience,* p. 294.

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draw it into an orbit of common tradition and discourse within which a humanist solution is possible—until we remember how Christian heresies were treated by the Church. M. Maritain does not approve of physical extermination of heretics today; but neither does he approve of an earthly city (state) which is *neutral* towards heresy. "It is necessary that Christ should be made known; that is the work of the Church, not of the State. But, be its type sacred or secular, a temporal Christian city knows that it is its duty to assist the Church in the free accomplishment of this mission."

The Christian city, not to be confused with the City of God which is outside of time, is of two types—consecrational and secular. In the former, the assistance which the State renders the Church "is of an instrumental order: the secular arm puts its sword at the disposition of spirituality. It is then normal that the coercive force of the State should come into play to protect the faith and the community against disintegrating influence. . . ." In the secular city, the State integrates "christian activities in its own temporal work." The Church is assisted by the State "in the fulfillment of its rightful mission" without the use of the sword.

Which mode of collaboration should exist between Church and State, says M. Maritain, depends upon historical conditions. He does not approve of the consecrational state today on historical grounds; and historical grounds, as M. Maritain himself never tires of reiterating, are variable. Clear it is that he does not *in principle*, as an integral humanist, disapprove of the secular arm putting its sword at the disposition of spirituality. He states the circumstances under which such practices may be extenuated, i.e., where heretics offend "the consciousness of the community (which) is vitally impregnated with the same unanimous certitude. It may even happen that the intervention of the State in such matters will moderate and curb the excesses of spontaneous popular reaction; what more natural impulse to the crowd than to lynch the heretic?"

In order to save the heretic from lynching in a consecrational community, the State steps in to put him to the sword according to whatever due process of law obtains at the time. Such practices are not incompatible with the *principle* of integral humanism. They are incompatible with the principles of that "bourgeois" free thought and humanism to which, according to Marx, the socialists fell heir, and of which M. Maritain says, departing from his cus-

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tomary urbanity, that it is "the stupidest thing the world has ever known."

I hasten to repeat, however, that M. Maritain does not under present historic conditions, and with an eye on France and the Anglo-American world, advocate the consecrational form of the Christian city but the secular form. But I must confess to a deep dissatisfaction with M. Maritain's failure to explicate more fully under what set of *historic* conditions he would justify one or the other form of christian state. He does not call for a return to the Middle Ages but for a new Christendom. It will incarnate the *same* (analogical) principles as the medieval world but will belong to an essentially (specifically) distinct type. About M. Maritain's use of the analogical argument I shall have more to say. But insofar as he attempts to state the empirical conditions, and on his own view they must be primarily empirical at this point; for departing from the medieval way of treating the heretic, he flatly fails. His failure is very disturbing even when, perhaps it would be more accurate to say just because, we recognize that the problem lies within the field of "prudence" which does not admit as high an order of certitude as of caution.

M. Maritain frankly avows that he has no desire to condemn the theory according to which the temporal power is justified in putting heretics to the sword for the good of their souls and for the spiritual unity of the community. "I have no desire to condemn such a system in theory. In one sense an earthly order capable of putting to death for the crime of heresy showed a greater care for men's souls and held a higher ideal of the dignity of the human community centered in this way on truth than one which only looks to punish crimes against the body." (p. 144)

Why, then, does M. Maritain in delineating the respects in which the new Christendom differs from the old, make provision for what he calls "the extra-territoriality" of the person, which would preserve the life of the heretic even though his heresy, as a threat to men's souls, is declared an abomination? His answer deserves careful consideration. Because putting to death for crime of heresy "is the point where human nature must most fatally lead to abuses; abuses which became [note the change of tense!] more and more intolerable . . . when, *after* the ruin of medieval Christendom, the State, ceasing to act as the instrument of a higher and

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legitimate spiritual authority, arrogated to itself and in its own name rights of spiritual interference." (ibid., my italics.)

The gravamen of M. Maritain's disclaimer is not that the method leads to abuses, for all coercive means of implementing a good end, since they are employed by creatures of limited wisdom, lead to abuse. Rather is it that it leads to intolerable abuse. And why intolerable? Because when the consecrated christian city loses its authority, the practice may be—and has been—adopted by those who have usurped that authority. But so long as the *consecrated* city retains its authority, abuses there may be; but intolerable abuses—never. And suppose there were a way of retaining authority in the consecrational state, so that there would be no danger that Protestants, absolute monarchs, and Jacobins would borrow a leaf from the pages of church history with which to light the fires of Catholic martyrs? On what ground could M. Maritain condemn a practice—temporal suppression—which flows from a theory—the right to save souls from heresy—of which he approves? The intolerable abuses of which M. Maritain speaks occurred *after* the ruin of medieval Christendom. Is he prepared to argue that the ruin of medieval Christendom is the result of its treatment of heretics? Hardly, for he has previously argued that as a means of achieving a good end, this treatment of heretics was justified by the historic context and conditions. But if the ruin of medieval Christendom is not the result of its treatment of heretics, he is still owing us an explanation of why he disapproves the practice but not the theory; at the very least, an indication of the historic conditions under which in the future the practice may be as unexceptionable as the theory.

Before we conclude this section of our study, we must look a little more closely at the type of collaboration between Church and state which M. Maritain proposes for his *secular* christian city. The spiritual (Catholic) principle is to have a commanding influence on the life and morals of the community but it must not command the state to enforce these principles on those—pagans and heretics —who do not or will not see the truth. Here the familiar scheme of pluralism operates. But this pluralism, M. Maritain expressly warns, must not be confused with "theological liberalism." Theological liberalism is the belief that the commonwealth "should be obliged to recognize as licet for each spiritual group the law

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worked out for that group according to its own principles." This is impermissible to those who are concerned with men's souls and who know that they know *the* truth about the only path by which these souls may be saved. The pluralist form of political organization "Signifies that in order to avoid greater evil . . . the commonwealth could and should tolerate (to tolerate is not approve) ways of worship more or less distant from the truth. . . ." These greater evils are civil strife and the insecurities it breeds. Tolerance of non-Catholics and heretical Catholics in M. Maritain's secular Christian state is an evil, a *lesser* evil but an evil nevertheless. It is a lesser evil which is suffered by the true believers until they become strong enough to save the false believers from themselves without danger of provoking widespread civil strife. The measure of the strength of the integral humanists, we must therefore conclude, is the limit of the tolerance of integral humanism. Salvation is always a greater good than tolerance. Civil war is always a greater evil than tolerance. If repression could stop short of civil war, it would be a lesser evil than tolerance.

How faithfully M. Maritain follows official Church doctrine on this point, despite his gracious prose and terminological liberalism, may be gathered from the following passage in the Papal Encyclical, *Libertas*, of Leo XIII. "Although in the extraordinary conditions of these times the Church usually acquiesces in certain modern liberties, she does so not as preferring them in themselves, but as judging it expedient to allow them until in happier times she can exercise her own liberty." Among the liberties of the church are not merely the right to teach her doctrines as alone true but the right to judge and punish.

The basic feature of M. Maritain's secular Christian state is that it cannot be neutral in religion. Insofar as public education is concerned, not only must provision be made for religious instruction, with due regard for the extra-territorial rights of heretical religions, but any teaching that falls within the very broad category of atheism must be proscribed in order to save the souls of the young from corruption. M. Maritain is much too civilized a person to join in a man-hunt against atheistic professors of philosophy like Bertrand Russell. But he has formulated the theoretical premises which can be used to justify the tightest restrictions against a

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critical and experimental approach to the fundamental questions of religion, morality, and *a fortiori,* politics.*

That M. Maritain's views are dangerous, then, we may consider as having established. Reasonable they may also be, but there is at least as much gall and blood mixed up with the reasoning as sweetness and light. For M. Maritain, religious freedom is a contradiction in terms, intellectual independence on matters of faith and morals a form of arrogant impiety, urbane skepticism of metaphysical assertions, spiritual decadence, and simple courage in the face of death defiance of God. The position he represents may be found congenial by those who, having surrendered one or another specific variety of totalitarianism, have not yet repudiated its generic form. It deserves attentive consideration from those who refuse to acknowledge that the good life, personal or social, can be built on the pillars of myth, mystery and authority. We turn now to an examination of M. Maritain's reasoning.

Theology and Politics

M. Maritain is a subtle and persuasive writer. But this is not to say that he is a rigorous thinker. Despite the reputation for cogent argument which he enjoys among literary men and his Catholic brethren, there is hardly a conclusion he reaches that is not begged at the outset. He considers few of the possible alternatives to his controlling assumptions, and of these, only the crudest. *The whole bent of his intellectual procedure is to make distinctions that enable him to withdraw the issues with which he is most concerned, from the possibility of scientific or empirical determination.* The result is that to the unwary he seems to extend a vast area which includes almost all of the domains of scientific knowledge,

*The real secret of M. Maritain's ideas is their organizationally orthodox character. How orthodox his conception of the New Christendom is may be gathered by comparing his position with that of Max Scheler, in his Catholic phase, (*Vom Ewigen im Menschen*). Scheler sought to bring Catholicism and Socialism together in the interests of a new European culture by assigning to the first an educational and spiritualizing function in a socialist society, and not by giving the Church a place at the political controls. As an Augustinian, he was more interested in the direct relationship between the individual soul and God than in the mediating role of the Church. He, therefore, could embrace a Catholicism which falls short of totalitarianism. But it is necessarily an heretical Catholicism. Aquinas leaves no doubt as to the central place of the Church, as an organization, in Catholic theory and practice. "The practice of the Church possesses the highest authority, and we must be directed by it in all things. Even the doctrine of the Catholic teachers has its authority from the Church. Hence we must hold the custom of the church in higher esteem than the authority of an Augustine or a Jerome." (Quodlib. 11, A. 7, cited by Grabmann, *Aquinas,* p. 50.)

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art, and social action, within which conclusions may be freely reached by competent methods, without reference to Catholic dogma. Provided an individual is prepared to abandon his naturalism or his religious heresy (atheism, Protestantism, Greek orthodoxy, etc.), M. Maritain is willing to extend a friendly hand to him. It matters not at all whether the individual is a Darwinian, a Freudian, a logical empiricist, a Marxian socialist, yes, even a Stalinist! But the interests of the Catholic church must be served, and so we find that M. Maritain at crucial points steps into the realm of time and social struggle to settle issues concerning the nature of mind, the state, political and moral hygiene (which includes questions like the relation of church and state, education, divorce, birth control, etc.) by reference to Catholic-Christian principles whose validity is declared to be timeless.

The mysteries of Catholic dogma, which can best be stated in negative terms, and cannot be justified on rational grounds, give M. Maritain a strategic vantage point. They enable him to criticize any basic belief concerning man, which is not centered in the Church, as inadequate, even when he admits a certain measure of truth in its claims. In this way the Church appears as the repository of all "truths" without being compelled to show how they can all be rationally held. The unity which embraces all "truths," pruned of exaggeration, is a supernatural mystery. In practice, i.e., in judgments applied to temporal institutions, this unity dissolves into the barest kind of eclecticism. For example, of the pessimism of the Reformation, M. Maritain can say that it "unduly exaggerates the Christian concept of original sin." Of the optimism of the Renaissance that it unduly exaggerates the equally Christian but opposite concept "of the value of the human being." Man is naturally evil but not only evil. Man is naturally good but not merely good. The same may be said of human ignorance and knowledge, ugliness and beauty, weakness and strength. M. Maritain is helpless, however, before a position which denies that men are "naturally" either good or evil, and that the qualities of good or evil are acquired by them in the course of time in relation to each other. He lumps together *all* positions different from his own as relatively unimportant variations of the same essential heresy.

How like the procedure of the totalitarians! The integral humanism of Catholicism offers men a choice between two alter-

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natives; either pure Christianity (i.e., the Church) or some form of atheism, implicit or overt. Just as the Stalinists were wont to regard all intermediate groupings between Fascism and Stalinism as forms of Fascism, so Catholics in a frank mood, and M. Maritain in a less explicit one, lump Luther, Kant, Hegel, Croce, Dewey, Marx and Stalin together as phases of an inevitable transition of decline from the true faith. In these days when the mystical law of the unity of opposites seems to be translated into the practical co-operation between totalitarians with opposite ideologies, we must not take too seriously M. Maritain's sharp disjunction between Catholicism and Stalinism. As will be shown subsequently, he has built more than one bridge for possible use between the two. After all, the political liason between Fascism and Catholicism in some countries is a fact; and a Concordat between the Pope and Stalin is no more improbable today than the Hitler-Stalin Pact was some years ago.

This may sound shocking to those readers who recall M. Maritain's passages in criticism of Stalinism. But what does he criticize? Not so much Stalin's cultural *terror* but its spiritual *error*—the same spiritual error which presumably is found in democratic countries that are free from cultural terror. He does not criticize in any fundamental way, the structure of the Communist Party hierarchy; the absence of political democracy in Russia; the censorship of the mind; the thousand and one evils which flow from a minority party dictatorship. He does criticize the principles by which these practices are regulated, not in the light of their empirical effects but in the light of Catholic principles which are equally exempt from check by any empirical effects. The Stalinist stewards are unworthy of their leadership! Insofar as their practices are sinful, it flows from their false religion—their atheism which is nothing else, according to M. Maritain, than the *ne plus ultra* of bourgeois humanism. He voices his distrust of this religion even as he accepts—gingerly to be sure—the outstretched hand of the Communist Party in its Popular Front disguise. "It is in the logic of things that one day or another a hatred, a religious vindictiveness will be awakened against the faithful of other religions, as generally happens in the case of all political non-conformists, if only in the last degree they refuse to conform." (p. 32)

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That M. Maritain should hurl this reproach at the Stalinists is puzzling because were it true—and it is—it would seem as if he were accusing them of recapitulating the history of the Church itself. But it is at this point that M. Maritain rears himself to his full height as a Catholic apologist. In order to evade responsibility for the acts of the Church, he invokes a distinction between "authentic Christianity" (*the Church*) and the historic career of the Church. From the standpoint of "authentic Christianity" (Catholicism) there are many things which historic Catholicism has done from which we might well shrink in horror. But nothing it has done can affect the essence of *the Church*, its sacred and holy validity which it has received from the source of all validity. None of the deplorable acts and programs to which the historic Church has committed itself can be deduced from the principles of the authentic Church. But if it is impossible to deduce from authentic and revealed Christianity the particular programs which M. Maritain condemns, it is just as impossible to deduce their contraries of which he approves. *If* authentic Christianity comprises a set of general, eternal and immutable truths beyond history and time, they cannot serve as a guide to *specific* problems of history and time. M. Maritain's dilemma therefore is either to admit that no positive political program, (which must of course consist of more than vague and unqualified injunctions to love one's neighbor), is deducible from Authentic Christianity, or *that the political programs of Catholicism, including his own proposals, are to be explained by the concrete interests of the Church as an historic organization in time.* He cannot do the first without cutting himself off from a principled basis on which to criticize political formations in time; he cannot do the second without running the risk of being compelled to condemn Church and Pope and of suffering eternal damnation.

M. Maritain attempts to slip between the horns of this dilemma with another distinction. *The Church* itself must not be identified with the Kingdom of God; it is only the chrysalis of the Kingdom of God which can never be achieved in time. "It is in time but not of time." Insofar as it is "in time" it must strive to realize the Kingdom of God although it can never completely succeed; insofar as it is "not of time" it is the Kingdom of God already realized. But this distinction, which is based on a religious

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mystery disguised as a metaphysical necessity, avails nothing. For even *the Church* in time is distinguished from the Church as an organization of men hierarchically organized to exercise power in the political and social struggles of the day. When the Pope issues an Encyclical (not to mention his prayers for Franco) it may be that he is not proclaiming the truths of the Kingdom of God. But does he speak for *the Church in time* or for the Church as a corporation whose seat is in Rome and whose representatives bargain for the extension of its corporate rights in almost every court and chancellory of the world?*

The importance of M. Maritain's intellectual procedure justifies restating this in another way. On the one hand, Catholicism is neutral to things in time including politics. On the other hand, it is essentially concerned with them and especially with politics, for politics falls within the domain of morals, and moral values "imply a reference to the supernatural order and to revelation." This revelation is granted to the Catholic church and *only* to the Catholic church. Consequently, no right order of society is achievable, no science or philosophy of politics can be true or even wholly useful, which does not judge and evaluate its objects "by the light of revealed principles." The objects judged are secular and temporal. The principles by which they are judged are supernatural, substantially of the Kingdom of God. The Kingdom of God can never be realized in this world but it can be prepared for by the Catholic church.

Now the *extent* of the temporal power which the Church should claim in order to effect this preparation, is not a matter for sacred Catholic theology to decide but for Catholic politics informed by supernatural truths. In principle it is unlimited: in practice, a function of expediency—a high expediency. Empirically, however, it varies with the power (wealth, numbers, influence) of the Church communicants in specific historical contexts, and with the shrewd estimates by the hierarchy of the danger that its own principle of intolerance, used to further the Kingdom of

*No one really knows when the Pope is speaking *ex cathedra* except the Pope himself. For all practical purposes, however, the Papal Encyclicals have a binding force not only on the behavior of the faithful but on their religious assent. "Encyclicals are not necessarily *ex cathedra* pronouncements, though the Pope could, if he so willed, issue definitions in that way. The faithful are bound to give them a religious assent, *interior as well as exterior, and obedience and respect.*" Addis and Arnold, *Catholic Dictionary*, p. 298 (my italics). Cf. Poynter "Catholicism and Sociology" (*XIXth Century and After*) Jan. 1940.

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God, might be applied by other religions against Catholics, to further the Kingdom of the Devil. M. Maritain cannot in *principle* condemn the aspiration of the Catholic Church to monopoly of temporal power without falling into heresy; he cannot condone all its practices without lapsing into spiritual sadism which would be very shocking to bourgeois liberals whom he accuses of lacking "both erotic feeling and ontological sensibility." It is to escape from this and similar difficulties that he introduces his double mystery about time.

To what pitiable straits M. Maritain is reduced as a Church apologist is indicated by the following. Attempting to explain away the assumption of vast temporal power by the Church during the middle ages, the counter-reformation, and the *ancien regime,* he writes: "The Church, as such, was not involved in these excesses but they were produced within the Church." (p. 99) If this is not another divine mystery, how can an organization not be involved in that which is produced within it? Perhaps the excesses were the work of outsiders—pagans dressed in the vestments of clerics? Such things have been often alleged. For example, the Nazi excesses of 1933 were all explained as the work of Communists in the uniform of Storm Troopers. But if these excesses were the work of outsiders, surely M. Maritain might tell us when the Church as such disavowed these excesses. Unfortunately, he does not. Even on the assumption the M. Maritain's distinction between what is "involved in" and what is "produced within" makes sense, were he discussing the good works of the Church during this period, instead of its *auto-de-fe's,* he would not be likely to say: "The Church, as such, was not involved in these beneficent measures but they were produced within the Church." Yet there is as much warrant for one piece of verbal legerdermain as for the other. It is not a question of whether the distinction between the temporal activity of the Church-as-such and the temporal activity of the Church-not-as-such is tenable or untenable, since it involves the mysteries of sacred theology. The empirical question is: To what forms of behavior, intellectual and practical, is the use of such words an index?

Although M. Maritain allows a formal autonomy to questions of empirical fact, he shows absolutely no respect for empirical facts where they conflict with his ideological mission. In justify-

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ing his mission he writes as if he has come to recall the Church to a sense of its obligations to the secular world. He would have us believe that the Church has confined its ministrations to the religious sphere and that "matters of social, of political and economic life it has abandoned to their own secular law." Nothing could be further from the truth. The Church has played a very active role in the social and political history of Europe and the Americas, particularly in those centers where its communicants are numerous. To speak only of our own hemisphere the history of Mexico in the last hundred years, and of Chicago, Boston and New York City in the last fifty, is incomprehensible without reference to the open and sometimes decisive participation of the Catholic hierarchy—with or without benefit of the light of authentic Christianity.

The advantages which the community is to derive, if the Church will only heed M. Maritain's injunction to spiritualize temporal political life, are illustrated, according to our author, by the activity of the Catholic Church in Fascist Italy. Here in its very cradle, totalitarianism has been checked, if not tamed, by papal intervention. "It is highly remarkable," he writes, "that in the very country where the totalitarian State first had that name, *the totalitarian principle has been, in the sequel, half broken by the resistance of the Catholic Church, with which historical circumstances obliged it to come to terms.*" (p. 278, my italics.)

A masterpiece of misstatement! Were it not composed by M. Maritain we would consider it a devastating piece of irony from an anti-Catholic pen. The simple fact is that in coming to terms with Mussolini the Catholic Church strengthened totalitarianism in Italy. 1931, the date of the papal agreement, marks the stabilization of Italian Fascism in the eyes of the world. It was the Catholic Church that affixed the certified seal of stabilization. Clericalist sentiment which was at a low ebb in democratic Italy has grown tremendously in fascist Italy, aided and abetted by Mussolini for value received. Did the Church lift up its voice against the Ethiopian campaign or did it rather improve the opportunity to convert heretics? Is there any doubt that Mussolini's invasion of Spain was carried out with the active collaboration of the Papacy? True, the Church took exception to Mussolini's ideological adventure into "racism," not on scientific but organizational grounds. The ideology of Catholicism after all is indispensable

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for its proselytizing efforts outside of Italy. But it did not succeed in deflecting the course of Mussolini's policy one iota.* Most eloquent of all, however, is the implication of the admission that it was with the Italian Fascist State and not the Italian democratic state that the Pope succeeded in coming to terms.

Integral Humanism and War

M. Maritain is a faithful son of the Church not only in doctrine but in the accurate way in which he reflects the inconsequentiality of doctrine when confronted by momentous social and political issues. *In any crucial situation the behavior of the Catholic Church may be more reliably predicted by reference to its concrete interests as a political organization than by reference to its timeless dogmas.* Analogously for M. Maritain. His attitude toward the Second World War is not what one would expect from a pious Christian but from a French patriot. One can respect the motives of the French patriot. But one cannot respect a rationalization of French patriotism in terms of Catholic theology. It is truly sad to observe in M. Maritain's Christian apologetics for the cause of the Allies the lamentable disregard of the very distinctions he has so seriously urged upon us until now. In order to appreciate the gravity of M. Maritain's intellectual sins—for the intellectual life has its virtues, too—it is necessary to recapitulate briefly the argument of his *True Humanism,* approved by the Catholic censor, and compare it with the text of his article on the war, approved by the French censor.

In the first, the Catholic Church is presented as the only genuine alternative to secular totalitarianism. The capitalist democracies are scorned for their bourgeois humanism, for their degrading cults of profit and comfort, and their anarchical conception of freedom. They receive particular condemnation for preparing the way for the worst features of totalitarianism. The totalitarian cultures are regarded as historically legitimate heirs of the vicious

*The only concrete evidence M. Maritain cites of what the Catholic Church has received for its support of Italian Fascism is the fact that "the Ballilas have been constrained to concede Sunday to religion and the family." This mitigates the fascization of these bases in arms on all other days of the week. M. Maritain might have also cited the additional fact that Mussolini has not withdrawn the rights of Christian burial to the victims of the Ovra.

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errors of bourgeois democracy, and as morally legitimate revulsions against this unendurable heritage. They show a praiseworthy concern for the souls of men but they have taken the wrong road to salvation. They exemplify "virtues gone mad." Their errors cannot be corrected by a return to the spiritual indifference of bourgeois humanism but by an acceptance of the Catholic way of life which will preserve the positive features of the totalitarian cultures, Italian, German, or Russian, while pruning the deplorable excesses that flow from a false metaphysics.

And now let us hear M. Maritain in defence of the war.

> "The thing which I want to say at once and that I want to cry from the house tops is that the spiritual situation of Europe has completely changed and that the salvation of Europe has begun . . . the striking indication of this change is the Russo-German alliance. It has completed the unmasking of the enemy. . . . Everyone now realizes that . . . there is only one revolution; and this revolution is in essence directed against the first principles of all Christian civilization, against everything which indicates the mark of God on man, against everything which implies respect for the human person, for justice and for truth, against everything which relates to greatness and liberty of the human soul. . . . The declaration of war against Germany by England and France on Sunday, the third of September, was not simply an action that had become politically necessary. It was also an admirable evidence of the strength of soul and of the moral greatness of these two countries. . . . The world saw that the democracies . . . were willing to remain faithful to the reason for their existence . . . that the men of France and England, of those two ancient Christian lands, risked in the perils of a hellish war both their lives and their dearest goods and the incomparable heritage of civilization of which they are the guardians. (*Commonweal*, Oct. 13, '39)

Yesterday France and England, according to M. Maritain, were capitalist democracies accursed by bourgeois humanism; today they are "those ancient Christian lands," guardians of "the

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incomparable heritage of civilization." Yesterday, the atheism of bourgeois man, of Stalinist totalitarianism, of Fascism, were three different forms of the same essential heresy; today, by a verbal transsubstantiation, the atheistic bourgeois democracies become protagonists of the Christian principles they had shamelessly flouted for more than a century. Yesterday, M. Maritain was hopeful that with the extension of the Popular Front and the signing of the Franco-Soviet pact, the Christian truths held in captive by the state philosophy of Stalin might yet convert their captors; today Stalinism is not only the creed of the unregenerated but of the unregenerate. Had the war broken out with either Hitler or Stalin on the side of the Allies, it is reasonable to assume that M. Maritain would soon find an essential difference between these twin forms of totalitarianism. And how fervently must M. Maritain pray for the continuance of Italian neutrality! For if *totalitarian* Italy, that most ancient of Christian lands, joins the defenders of Christian civilization, it will spoil the lines of his apology; and if it joins its sisters then we will have the strange spectacle of a totalitarianism, presumably tamed by the papacy, waging war against the principles of Christianity. A cruel dilemma only one degree less cruel than the fate of an apologist called upon to explain the possible support of Christian principles by Mohammedan Turkey, not to mention China and Japan.

So many questions crowd the mind concerning M. Maritain's *Christian* defence of Allied victory that it is difficult to know where to begin. We might question him about the application of the first principles of Christian civilization by France and England to the natives of India and Indo-China. We might inquire why he so lightly disregards the danger he himself cites that war may bring many features of totalitarianism to the old Christian countries. We might ask why, if he believes that Europe has already been saved for Christianity by baptism of fire, he is staunchly opposed to a peace without complete military victory. But all this is foreign terrain for M. Maritain and we wish to question him in his own terms. How is it possible for capitalist democracies thrice accursed by bourgeois humanism, metaphysical nominalism, and educational secularism to become the defenders of "the first principles of all Christian civilization"?

There is only one answer that M. Maritain, as a Catholic, can

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make to explain the conduct of M. Maritain, as a French patriot. Despite the spiritual negations of capitalist democracy, the latent strength of true Catholic principles, which exist in a distorted form even among the Christian heresies, has at this decisive moment transformed the character of the culture and opened new possibilities for a new Christendom. Overt or hidden, it is Catholic principles, and *only* Catholic principles, which are the true guardians of the Christian birthright of mankind. The Church can be relied upon to combat totalitarianism.

And yet when M. Maritain wrote his Catholic apologia for Allied victory in a "just war," he was not unacquainted with the Pastoral Letter of the Bishops of the Catholic Church of Germany which said:

"In this decisive hour we admonish our Catholic soldiers to do their duty *in obedience to the Fuehrer* and be ready to sacrifice their whole individuality. We appeal to the Faithful to join in ardent prayers that Divine Providence may lead this war to blessed success." (*New York Times*, Sept. 24, 1939.)

Will M. Maritain tell us once more that this is an action "produced within" the Church but "not involving" the Church? Let us hope so, because since it involves a mystery it does not insult our intelligence and outrage our moral sensibilities as does the answer he actually gives. "It is entirely understandable," he writes in another issue of *Commonweal*, "that the bishops of the countries at war should exhort their respective peoples to serve their countries loyally." An evasion which lacks even subtlety. Does loyalty to one's country, then, demand loyalty to whatever "criminal dreamer" whose "lust for power and savage aggression" (the words are M. Maritain's) orders them into battle? And have the Catholic bishops merely exhorted the Faithful to be loyal? They speak of the duty of *obedience to the Fuehrer*. They speak of the duty of *sacrificing their whole individualtiy* to him. But this is precisely the kind of abominations which M. Maritain has condemned in the name of *the Church*, authentic Christianity, integral humanism.

All this, according to M. Maritain, is entirely understandable; and he adds that it is "naive" to be scandalized by it. What is understandable? The war of the Allies, M. Maritain is convinced, is a "just war," demonstrable as such by eternal Christian prin-

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ciples. How is it understandable that a just war on one side of the Rhine, should be considered an unjust war on the other side of the Rhine by Catholics who enjoy the same grace of papal benediction and the same light of revealed principles as their fellow-Catholic, M. Maritain? Is justice, then, as Pascal suggests, bounded by a river? Would it be understandable if M. Maritain, as a Catholic, supported an unjust war? Why is it more understandable that the Catholic Bishops of Germany should support an unjust war? And why is it "naive" to be scandalized by the division among Catholics? Because to be scandalized implies that one has taken the principles of integral humanism seriously? Or because it implies that one is not acquainted with the long record of such division? Or because it implies that it lacks intelligence to expect Catholic principles to be administered in any other way except realistically, i.e., with an eye to organizational fortunes rather than to justice or sanctity?

M. Maritain himself has exposed the hollowness of his integral humanism. A French patriot need not be driven to such desperate expedients to justify his action. Whether we accepted his reasons or not, we could understand them. For they would not involve transcendental mythology.

Science, Atheism and Mythology

One of the central terms in M. Maritain's critique of modern culture is "atheism." Almost all of our current evils and errors are reduced to expressions or consequences of atheism. It is the root of Marxian fallacy in theory and Marxian inadequacy in practice. Insofar as M. Maritain finds occasion to criticize totalitarian regimes, he traces their excesses not to false principles of economics or politics but to their "atheism." This atheism, he reminds us, is the logical outcome of bourgeois free thought. In many places M. Maritain seems to suggest that the Deists, many Protestant sects, all humanists except integral humanists, are atheists, too. Even the "bourgeois liberal," as a type, no matter how great a play he makes of morality and a spiritual point of view, "is a deist and an atheist; it is he who has taught their atheism to his pupils and heirs, the communists." (*True Humanism*, p. 72)

How such broad divergences as democratic socialism, capi-

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talism, and Stalinism can flow from a negation of a theological principle, M. Maritain leaves unexplained. But here as elsewhere by a carefully cultivated ambiguity M. Maritain uses one term to cover at least two different doctrines which logically do not involve each other—the one, a theological proposition which denies the existence of god or gods, as well as divine creation or governance of the world; the second, a theory of personality or human value. In the strict sense, many people can be atheistic without ceasing to be religious. In fact, there are religions which are atheistic. Unfortunately, M. Maritain employs the term "atheism" in such a variety of contexts that it is difficult to find what common nucleus of meaning he gives it. It often serves as an epithet of denunciation rather than of description. Sometimes it means disbelief in the God of Catholicism, sometimes disbelief in any gods, sometimes devil worship, or irreligion, or anti-personalism, or just plain immorality.

Where M. Maritain discusses atheism as a doctrine which denies the existence of God, his procedure is very illuminating. He does not attempt to prove the existence of God although we may suspect he accepts the Thomistic proofs, all of which are logically invalid. Instead, he tries to demonstrate the horrible practical consequences of atheism. Atheism is false because consistently lived, it must lead to suicide. "It is not by accident, it is by a strictly necessary effect, written in the nature of things, that every absolute experience of atheism, if it is conscientiously and rigorously followed, ends by provoking its psychical dissolution, in suicide. (*True Humanism*, p. 53)

Even *if* it were a practical consequence of atheism, it would not prove that atheism is false. But why does M. Maritain insist that consistent atheism leads "by a strictly necessary effect" to suicide? M. Maritain's reasoning is so shockingly bad that it is hard to account for it even in the interests of apologetics. He takes over, literally and completely, the argument of the mad Kirillov in Dostoyevsky's *The Possessed*. "If God exists all things depend on him and I can do nothing outside his will. If he does not exist, all depends on me and I am bound to display my independence. . . . For three years I have been seeking for the attribute of my divinity and I've found it; the attribute of my divinity is independence. . . . I shall kill myself to prove my independence and my new terrible

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freedom." Dostoyevsky even without benefit of St. Thomas Aquinas is credited with the profound metaphysical insight that one must believe either that God exists or that one is himself God. If God doesn't exist, then I must be God, and if I am God, I can only prove it by committing suicide.

It is hard to take this with a straight face but it would be discourteous to M. Maritain's high seriousness to take it otherwise. Very well, then. If God does not exist, it does *not* follow in the least that everything depends on me. Why should the only alternative to belief in a myth be a form of romantic madness? Even if God does not exist, I am still dependent in many ways upon other things and other people who do not depend for their existence upon me. If to exist means to be dependent upon something, it still does not follow that I must be dependent upon God. If to exist means to be independent of some things in some respects, it does not follow that I must be independent of all other things in all other respects, that I must be "absolutely independent," whatever that may mean. And if the absolute independence of Kirillov demands that he commit suicide, then the absolute independence of a Divine Power demands that, analogically understood, it, too, commit suicide.

The whole reference to Dostoyevsky is unfortunate, and on more grounds than one. The intellectual pattern of Dostoyevsky's reactionary genius, although softened by pity, is not compromised, as in M. Maritain, by doctrinally unmotivated gestures towards liberalism and democracy. And his psychological insight penetrates even more deeply than M. Maritain realizes into the sophistic compulsions of those who desire to find logical reasons for beliefs based upon arbitrary faith. The sophism, whose conclusion is that atheism entails suicide, which M. Maritain borrows from Kirillov, Dostoyevsky puts into the mouth of a madman. The more plausible sophism that belief in an omnipotent and benevolent God leads to self-destruction in a world of evil, Dostoyevsky puts into the mouth of Ivan Karamazov, the most powerful intelligence among his characters. Ivan is a believer whose Euclidean understanding cannot grasp the reason why the innocent should suffer in a world created by an omnipotent and benevolent God. As he explodes every justification theologians have advanced for the existence of evil, he concludes, "It's not God that I don't accept,

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Alyosha, only I most respectfully return Him the ticket." Neither the sophism of Kirillov nor the sophism of Karamazov has any place in a discussion of the arguments for God's existence.

The problem of evil does not exist for naturalists. Nor for those Marxists who are genuine naturalists and not believers in a benevolent Natur-Dialectik. When M. Maritain reproaches Marxism for its atheism, he therefore shifts to another alleged consequence of disbelief in the existence of God, viz., its atheistic conception of man and human nature.

The "atheistic" conception of man is regarded as profoundly inhuman because it views him as a natural and social creature but not as a personal one. It sacrifices man to "the monism of collective life" which bestows prosperity upon him only after it has deprived him of essential dignity. Marxist humanism, according to M. Maritain, operates with a philosophy of the human being as tropistically determined by constant biological needs and varying historical ones. From that philosophy we can never derive the sense of human self-respect and human freedom which are central to Catholic integral humanism.

M. Maritain will probably be surprised to learn that it is in the name of that very human dignity and independence, which *he* treats as spiritual abstractions, that Marx rejects not only liberal capitalism but Catholicism. M. Maritain has had his forerunners —the great Lamennais who towers above him as well as a whole flock of petty German consistorial councillors who lack his subtlety. On one of the occasions when the latter urged the working classes to unite with Church and Throne against the liberal bourgeoisie, Marx reviewed briefly those "social principles of Christianity" which had taken eighteen centuries to develop.

> "The social principles of Christianity justified the slavery of classical days; they glorified mediavel serfdom; and, when necessary, understand how to defend the oppression of the proletariat. The social principles of Christianity proclaim the necessity for the existence of a ruling class and an oppressed class, and remain content with the pious wish that the former will deal charitably with the latter. The social principles of Christianity assume that there will be a consistorial compensation in heaven for all

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> the infamies committed on earth, and therewith justify the continuance of these infamies. The social principles of Christianity explain that the contemptible practices of the oppressors against the oppressed are either just punishments for original sins and other sins, or trials which the Lord in his infinite wisdom has ordained for the redeemed. The social principles of Christianity preach cowardice, self-contempt, abasement, submission, humility, in short all the qualities of the canaille; and the proletariat, which will not allow itself to be treated as canaille, needs courage, self-respect, pride and sense of personal dignity even more than its bread. The social principles of Christianity are mealy mouthed; those of the proletariat are revolutionary." (*Gesamtausgabe*, Abt. I, Bd. 6, p. 278)

There is rhetoric in this, and a certain failure to appreciate the positive accomplishments of the Christian heretical movements. But here as elsewhere, Marx is concerned to defend human personality—its dignity and independence—against vulgar materialistic views, on the one hand, and authoritarian spiritualistic views, on the other. For Marx, man is not born with a "soul" or "human personality." He achieves it. Marx's social philosophy is an attempt to discover, and to help to bring into existence, the social, cultural and educational conditions under which all men and women may develop significant human personalities. M. Maritain's belief in a "personality" which can exist independently of physical, biological, historical and cultural conditions is a consequence of a bad psychology and still worse metaphysics.

M. Maritain is right in asserting that Marx's critique of religion is the basis of Marx's entire philosophical approach. He is wrong in identifying that critique of religion with atheism. He fails to understand in what way Marx's critique of religion is the basis of all his other critiques. There is one clue to Marx's anti-religious position which M. Maritain, together with others of even greater acuity of social perception, has not read propertly. We know that Marx was continuously charging that avowed atheists like Bruno Bauer and Max Stirner had not liberated themselves from religious dogmas. He takes Feuerbach to task for the same reason although he regarded him more highly than any of the Young-Hegelians. Why?

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The answer is that for Marx the essence of the religious attitude is to be found in the *method of hypostasis* no matter what the objects hypostatized are. For Marx any introduction of *abstractions*, whose origin and reference are allegedly transcendental rather than historical, and which are presumably tested by intuition rather than by their functional use in concrete experiential situations, is religious. Literally it is super-naturalism. Marx's critical method is *scientific method* used to disclose those problems and interests of men which are concealed by the introduction of unanalyzable abstractions. He is always asking: what is the earthly and empirical basis for unearthly and non-empirical dogmas? In the abstractions of theology, he finds a fetishism of words which conceals specific historical and organizational needs. In the abstractions of jurisprudence, he finds a fetishism of principles which conceals the genuine power distributions in society. In the abstractions of economics, he finds a fetishism of commodities which conceals the fact that men today are controlled by the very forces of production which they themselves create. Each set of abstractions is accompanied by a set of practices. Since these abstractions are non-empirical and non-historical, the only meaning that can be assigned to them is in terms of these very practices. Wherever abstractions are worshipped whether it be in theology, politics or physics, the task of scientific (materialistic) method is to locate the concrete situation in which they were first introduced, to observe the practices (Praxis) which they set up, and their subsequent career in estopping more fruitful modes of procedure in similar situations.

It is in Marx's scientific critique of abstractions that his irreligion lies and not in the village atheism with which it is often confused by many Marxists and most non-Marxists alike. This critique of abstractions constitutes the gravest challenge to M. Maritain's philosophy and theology. For it cuts all dogmas at their root, especially those based on what is called analogical knowledge of proportionality, and reveals them as the conceptual instruments of systematically cultivated *obscurantism.*

Take, for example, the dogma of divine creation, so necessary for M. Maritain's theology. To create is a natural and historical process and in its usual sense implies either an end or an intent or both. When we say that an individual creates, we mean that it is an

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act in time, upon material which antecedes the action, by means of instruments which are at hand in a given place even though they may have been previously created. For M. Maritain, God creates the world together with the antecedent material and the instruments of creation. How is this creation to be understood? Not metaphorically but analogically. The metaphorical sense of creation is obviously derived from the activity of men as when we speak of the "creative gusts of spring," (or of "smiling skies" derived from "smiling men"). The analogical concept of creation as applied to God, however, has a meaning which in *principle* is not derived from, or reducible to, the creative activities of men. Nor are *divine* creation and *human* creation two different modes of creation, for in that case "creation" as a term would have a univocal, not an analogous meaning, and what is in question here is the analysis of the term "creation," rather than the term "divine" whose meaning has difficulties of its own.

Strictly speaking, we cannot predicate properties of God whose meanings are derived from human activity, without subjecting him to the same empirical tests as we apply to creatures of space and time. If we do this, God in anthropomorphized and all statements about him become false. If we do not do this, there is no possible way by which statements about God can be tested, and they become meaningless. It is in order to escape the dilemma between uttering false or meaningless statements about God, that the analogy of proportionality is introduced, since it enables theologians to say that our knowledge of him is "inadequate." But this is no help, for if the concept "inadequate" is taken literally, the position is self-contradictory since it presupposes some true knowledge of God; and if it is taken analogically, the entire position is begged.

For Marx the function of intelligent analysis of creation or of any other abstraction is to put an end to mystery: for M. Maritain it is to prepare the mind to accept mystery. From mystery to miracle is one step, and from miracle to authority another. And if we recall that for M. Maritain our analogical knowledge of God, for all its inadequacy and limitation, is more reliable than *any* other knowledge we have, more certain even than our knowledge of "the beating of our own hearts," the true measure of his denigration of scientific method becomes apparent.

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Cross Country: Newark, N. J.

To the Meadows (For Stephen Crane)

HOMAGE TO STEPHEN CRANE, they said; we will buy the house where he was born and preserve it for all who wish to come and see the glory of our city. So they bought it (is it true that it was once a nigger whore house?) but no one had troubled to examine it first, and the builder of the house had not thought of posterity. The house, near the tracks of the now electrified Pennsylvania Railroad, was beyond saving, fit only for lost and unknown slum people, but not for the memory of Stephen Crane as school teachers would like him remembered. Well, we will tear it down, they said, and we will have a little park here, perhaps a playground. But time passes and the house stands yet, boarded up, its porch ripped off, (did someone need firewood?) rotting on a lonely little street where you can hear *Twilight In Turkey* being played in the neighborhood saloon.

So this is the city where Stephen Crane was born, and that says Upton Sinclair ". . . goes to prove that a genius may spring up anywhere in the world"; the city Theodore Dreiser called lovely; the city Harold Stearns said ". . . there was nothing to do in . . . except work—or get drunk. Or, on Sundays take walks."

So this is the place.

Railroad stations: all the regular lines except one. The Lehigh Valley Railroad Station has been abandoned. There is a For Rent sign out and that was funny enough for *The New Yorker* to write about.

One airport: an expensive proposition, accusations of graft, trials, heartaches, movie star sticks tongue out when landing, apologizes later, second trial vindicates city authorities, no graft just carelessness, crash.

Streetcars and busses: five cents a ride, no transfers.

Traffic regulations: keep right, don't talk back to the cops, no turns on red tolerated under any circumstances.

Accommodations: hotels, etc. But remember that the toilet in the Free Public Library is locked. However, anyone can have the key. You don't even have to fill out an application. All you have to do is go to the right desk and ask the right attendant for the right key. But they do say once a guy got sore and used the telephone booth.

Motion Picture Houses: almost sixty including a couple of Jim Crow places.

A tremendous 4½ million dollar Cathedral still unfinished after 42 years, but capable of use on ultra important church occasions.

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Golf, Tennis, Boating, Fishing, Baseball, Riding, Basketball, Football; once a year the Metropolitan Opera, a Dog Show, a Horse Show, a Flower Show, an Electrical Show, an Automobile Show, a Stamp Show, pardon me, Exhibition. In the summer time open air Symphony Concerts and Trotting Races (both for free). Grand Finale: once a year the Bach B Minor Mass.

NEWARK, then. (33 alt.; 23.60 square miles; population: almost half a million, 64% native white, 10% negro, but ". . . of the Native White only 24% have U. S. parentage, leaving 66% foreign born or the children of foreign born." 15 foreign languages are spoken in the city.)

Insurance dominates the city financially and the architecture of most of the Insurance Company buildings is a truly ghastly sight.

In the stores in the slums where the poor buy, bread sells for three slices per penny. Cigarettes are a penny each.

High schools are built on hills here, lopsidedly, so that although they have level roofs, their backs may be twice as high as their fronts, or vice versa.

In the beautiful public library somebody sits and carefully puts the library stamp on all the nudes in the photography magazines: Free Public Library Newark New Jersey. If the body is the right size, the lettering fits very nicely from the right shoulder down between the breasts and across the stomach to the left hip.

This is the city where you can speak your piece in Military Park up against the rumps of the horses on the Wars of America Memorial Statue ("42 human figures on a granite base, surrounded by a low fence of overlapping bronze swords."). Hague is next door in Jersey City, but things are done a little slicker here. The elections always go the right way and if you don't like the way the votes are counted, why then the boxes with the ballots in them are locked up, (under guard, of course) and the red tape of the recount gets started, and one night trucks back up to the city hall which is next door to police headquarters and the boxes are piled into the trucks and then the wishes of the good citizens of Newark are dumped into the river or burned or otherwise disposed of and the election is over.

Weequahic Park, once part of the marsh lands, is very nice. The trees are in all the right places and the grass is kept at exactly the correct length. Even the lake is false, and the funniest thing is to see a man in a boat with his permit, trying to catch some of the fish put there, and throwing most of those he does catch back because they aren't long enough. (Although, be it admitted, once a little boy walking along the shore put his hand in the water and pulled out a dead fish 37 inches long and his picture was in a local paper.)

After spring arrives it is very crowded in the park on Sundays and the radios in the parked cars and the portable victrolas on the grass make music, and young men stand around shouting pleasantries at the passing girls. (In general, you see, the park is a place where young people often do things they would not do anywheres else.)

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Several people have been drowned in the lake, usually on account of some foolishness or other, and once a seventeen year old boy ran amuck in a borrowed car and killed or injured some mothers and their babies sunning themselves on the grass. But no suicides; these, somehow, choose Branch Brook Park at the other end of town. And no meaningless vandalism, only tame flower stealing. One wild night twenty-nine benches in Riverbank Park were destroyed *by persons who apparently wielded sledge hammers*, but no one would come to Weequahic Park for anything like that.

In the last couple of years the two noteworthy things about Weequahic Park are: the bicycle craze which sends maniacs on two wheels whizzing around you no matter where you go; and the virtual occupation of the park by negroes. You can see white people muttering and shaking their heads about what they consider a usurpation, but the negroes are the fastest growing group in the city.

Not so long ago the number of cases of rabies kept making the first page, but the city nurtures within itself possibilities. . . .

Rats are increasing. . . . At the Newark Housing Authority site at Orange and Nesbitt Streets, before the old tenements were torn down *fumigators invaded the whole block with poison gas; a recent law requires such extermination before wrecking is permitted.* Police roped the area off and warned people away and the gasmasked men destroyed an estimated half million rats in that small enclosure. There is no one who can dare to guess how many millions of rats there are in the whole city. So far, apparently, they are free of the dangerous ratfleas that feed on the rats until they are dead and then move on to that final assault that we know as *the plague.*

In one of the city's department stores the night watchmen get a bonus of fifty cents for every rat they kill in the tunnels below the lowest basement (a dead mouse is worth only a dime) and in a large factory in The Ironbound the watchmen relieve the night's tedium by pouring oil on the rats in the cages that trap them; then they drop matches into the cages and wait for the rats to nibble a matchhead into flame. . . .

In the third ward, not far from the neat, well ordered Frederick Douglass and Richard B. Harrison apartment house units owned by the Prudential Insurance Company and inhabited by over 1,400 middle class negroes, there is a certain single block where there are 467 people over ten years of age and 152 of these people (or 32½% if you like your figures that way) are known to have syphilis; and there are still 37 people in that same 467 whom the authorities have been unable to persuade to submit to a Wasserman test.

Between Newark and Jersey City lie the meadows like an enormous thumb pointing into Newark Bay, bounded on each side by the thin trickles of the Passaic and Hackensack Rivers. Southwest of that pointed thumb is Newark airport surrounded by the huge area of the great Newark and Elizabeth meadows, thousands of acres of mostly idle, marshy land alongside a natural bay with two navigable tributaries.

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For over thirty years now, visionaries have been intrigued by the possibilities of building a Great City here, an industrial center close to Manhattan, near waterways, railroads, and now the airport: a cold vision of a blueprinted, robot city.

The original settlers of Newark divided their land by lot. For the marshes they had only one use: it was a splendid and fertile source of hay. This land too, then, they divided amongst themselves and set up boundaries; but that division was ignored and whoever came first took the best hay available (at that time most of the land could only be entered when it was frozen solid) and soon the markers were destroyed and no one knew or cared who owned most of the meadows.

But though the landmarks were forgotten and the borders divided nothing, possession of that territory mattered to their descendants, and there were court fights. It mattered a great deal when a scheme for a Great Canal (never built) was being promoted and it mattered when the railroads fought the canal people for their own purposes, and it matters yet, because the land is still the object of intrigue and graft and Great Plans.

Once the salt marshes were much larger, but for over 250 years the work of reclaiming this area has been progressing slowly; and long before that this treeless expanse was occupied for many hundreds of years by monarch cedars that still lie, perfectly preserved, beneath the muck of the marshes, close to the surface.

Despite all the signs of activity (there are a few factories along the edges) and the visible skyscrapers of Manhattan and the planes flying low and often and the cars and trucks moving in assembly line fashion over the highways (and over Pulaski Skyway built with every safety measure and now called by the newspapers *Death Skyway*) the meadows remain among the ugliest, most barren looking stretches of land in all the world. Only if you go deep into the tundra, among the weeds grown to twice a man's height, and the small islands and the wild grass, to the many kinds of birds, some almost extinct that have found refuge here, only then can you find some beauty.

The landmarks have been forgotten.

Where is the upper green and the lower green? The traffic tower that used to be at Broad and Market Streets (America's third busiest corner) that was supposed to control traffic but only got in everybody's way? Now it is a decorative piece in a cemetery.

The postoffice that overlooked the canal is gone, and in Newark a subway runs on the bed of the canal, a speedway above it. The first German and Irish immigrants, damned as aliens, dug the canal; the wops and niggers made the subway and speedway.

In the elbow at the end of Saybrook Place is the deserted Landing Place Park: a tiny triangle containing a white, squat, scarred shaft: *Up this slope from the river came the founding fathers. . . .*

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Across the street is the parking lot where used to be the heart of this neighborhood: the Hudson Tube station that was outgrown and destroyed. But still there stands the bridge across the river with its unused tracks, and on the dirty manila colored wall is still to be seen this statement in white crudely painted letters: FREE THAELMANN; and that later addition that is not a question, also done like the first in the middle of the night: HOW ABOUT TORGLER.

No one in authority took any notice of these statements. At least they remain untouched. Maybe nobody knew, or maybe it wasn't close enough to home to matter. But once somebody ran a red flag up the Liberty Pole in Military Park above the ancient cannon. That's right out on Broad Street and nobody could figure out how the hell anybody could do something like that right out in the open where there's sure to be people or cars passing at any hour of the night, but you can rest assured that the flag was hauled down, and the papers got some pretty hot letters.

The meadows are the dumping grounds for the city's garbage, and it is here that the first local Hooverville sprang up. It didn't last long. The houses were torn down and the residents told to move on.

Every once in a while another colony of vagrants settles here, but it is always destroyed before it gets too large to be dangerous. (Say a dozen or so.) They build themselves houses: a thatch hut, a clay cottage, a tiny bungalow of wood, materials from the dumps or the earth. They forage food from the garbage, they get used to the perpetual stink, and some of them have even been known to try and grow things.

They have then, integrity, and integrity is a challenge.

A pack of about 15 wild dogs have come out of the Newark meadows and menaced persons in the vicinity of Doremus Avenue. The dogs pursued two young women yesterday and put two men to flight today. Business men in the section appealed. . . . The dogs usually roamed the meadows but were driven by hunger. . . .

A hunt resulted in the killing of 11 in a pack of 18. The pack was led by a three-legged dog. The police were armed with 12 gage pump guns. When the dogs were cornered they charged at the police, who fired. The police will return. . . .

The police returned one hot day (temperature: 95) *because of complaints received of vagrants who made their home in Haynes Avenue dumps. They applied torches to the shacks and burned them to the ground. A number of vagrants were arrested.* (Who complained? Who? The shacks were half a mile away from anyplace.) *At one shack detectives told him* (the vagrant) *to take his belongings before they set fire to the mansion. He picked up his coat.*

The police explained that the men had been stealing material from the dumps. The right to pick through the city's garbage has been sold by the authorities. . . .

There is gaiety in the city's thousand taverns. You can't get a seat in a movie on Saturday night, and on Sunday you can get all the answers.

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Truth is God-made. Spiritual hardening of arteries is menace. Correct thinking is urged. Dictators scored.

Do children grow up in heaven? If a man has three wives in the course of his life which one does he live with in heaven? Tonight the answers. . . .

A man with a disfigured face, a patch covering one eye, walks the streets. Slowly and softly he gropes his way along with his torn sneakers, tap tapping with his cane, occasionally tinkling a little bell and calling attention to the sign that sandwiches him: on such and such a date, it says, the building where I was employed collapsed and my fourteen co-workers were killed. But I, I had in my pocket a certain blessed religious trinket, and so, although I lost an eye and some ribs and can only move as slowly as you see, carrying this cup that will hold the meagre alms you throw in it, yet I am *alive, alive, alive!*

In the first ward a youngster is accidentally killed in a street fight and in the forest hill section a boy shoots and kills his father in a playful gesture with a gun that everybody forgot was loaded.

An unwed mother puts a little baby boy in a parked car on Halsey Street and he freeezes to death. They were going to bury him in Potter's Field but a kindly lady steps forward and sees that he is provided with a decent burial.

A woman tells the Judge that her jealous husband would come home at odd hours, with big green eyes in a green face, to look in closets and under beds for the man he never found. He made her life one of utter wretchedness by unfounded jealousy of her cousin's husband, the iceman, the chauffeur who came to bring her to work on one occasion, in fact of anybody and everybody. He often threatened to kill his fancied rivals, would become upset if she took too long to suit him when she went out to shop, and at times brought home and cooked his own food because he feared she would poison him.

This is the city where Dutch Schultz was shot. He met death as he had lived. In an ambulance speeding to the hospital he turned and extended a fat roll of bills to the interne. Here, you take this, he said, I won't need it anymore. His last act a gesture like all the separate acts of his life. . . . Remember Two Gun Crowley? When he was a kid he wanted to use his left hand and his teachers compelled him to use his right because everybody else did. After he was dead learned psychiatrists discussed all the different reasons why Two Gun Crowley might have become a gangster, and they chose the forced shift from left to right handedness as the most significant item in his background. But who is there to search out the long forgotten, tiny, untraceable incidents in the pasts of those who do not use the guns?

DAVID CHANLER

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"Thy Neighbor's Goods"

LeGarde S. Doughty

AND THE SOLDIERS, their descendants, the masses that will follow down the days and days—these will not profit a grain of salt. Pity it is their losses cannot be computed with so negative a touch.

Perhaps, if a man could organize his own propaganda, make up his own mind, cast his own ballot—and count it, withal—he would elect beef roast, steamed rice, asparagus, and a pipeful of burley. That administration could succeed itself to the end of life; the man would not wish it quantitatively and qualitatively divided to make room for a shibboleth. And, with that status quo, the man would make his saw sing, not caring whether his map was green or yellow, not caring whether its name was called by heavy guttural or light sibilant, caring nothing at all for the name of it.

Tonight the classic burden of Atlas is broken into so many parts, each man may take a measure on his neck. He who will not say, at least, "this is my world" was never deep in anything but nothing.

To be sitting at an east window, one hundred feet off Brown Road, sixteen miles south of Augusta, Georgia—the nearest electrical device several miles north—is to be quite to solitude retired. If you were sitting with feet propped on the most unapproachable council table in Europe you would be no nearer the truth behind international insanity. International? — Interstate, interurban, interstreet, interdoor too.

"Thy Neighbor's Goods."

But what are thy neighbor's goods? Synthetically and impersonally, they are anything from a spot in history to a square foot of real estate; that is clear. Analytically and personally, they are the legal possessions of individuals, be they titles by which men are called or pieces of precious metal by which men are chosen; that is not quite clear, that *legal possession,* it is only simple. And

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simple is complex when you get into it; for simple has eight definitions: one is "easy to understand"; another is "silly." Pass the six others. The simple thing becomes clear as you get on. — Thy neighbor's goods are things thy neighbor holds under protection of law against all coveters; which is both easy to understand and (for the most part) silly.

If the charge of silliness need prosecution, there is evidence; from the beginning up to now, theer is evidence. A handful of years (some thirty) after Georgia was settled by the whites, the Indians were so indebted to the settlers they had to pay over an armful of counties, millions of acres. That "legal possession" goes back to seventeen-something. If current history can better tweak the doubtful nose, take the evidence of, say, a Georgia hill-billy. Hill-billy inherits a little land in Texas from some half-forgotten kinsman who built a house, a barn, a skill for twisting a longhorn over on its back, a knack of hiring cheap Mexican labor just at the right time to pick cotton and of letting it float on then, like grease down a sink, and a style for drawling "thar" through a droopy moustache and a sweep of the hand at an estate that brings a good living and would fetch ten thousand dollars at the sorriest of auctions.

Hill-Billy goes West to pursue cotton in a grander manner in the broad black land. In a little while he discovers oil somewhere beneath the tap roots. From poor planter to rich driller in a sheer flight, as luck has it. He hires five hundred men at wages that pulvarize children's teeth. The law confirms his "rights" throughout; which is silly, no less.

Ideologies worn upon the sleeve are exploit-ologies under the skin. And one need not go to Europe to observe it. Democracy is belied in door-to-door campaigns all over America, there being as many embattled fronts as there are segments in the Rhine.

In democratic ideology there are no quarters for the underpaid, the under-fed, the unemployed. But these underlings are right widely quartered in our democratic state, the losers in war of attrition. War in Europe is merely more spectacular.

It is 11:45. The Central of Georgia freight is blowing for Phinizy's Mill Road. It is mezzo-soprano. Two longs, a short, and a very long. Phinizy's Mill, built in the early 1800's, was one of the pioneer cotton mills in Georgia. Eli Whitney had first operated

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his cotton gin on that very spot. So it is exquisitely oxidized in history. Nothing is there now but two or three old timbers, cushioned with green moss, standing near enough the surface of Rocky Creek to make the water purl over them. The road once ended there, purposefully winding over its own importance to a definite proposition. Now the road goes by with a sort of stupid arrogance, and ends irresponsibly on the shoulder of a national highway.

In ten minutes the freight will blow for Allen's Station, where no train has been flagged to a stop in a generation. At a fraction before midnight it will blow for Lane's Crossing. Two longs, a short, and a very long; mezzo-soprano. It will be less than three miles from this window then—the terrible breathing of the cylinders in the strain up the slight grade, with tons of scrap iron and linters for Savannah — and thence. . . . But there is war in America too.

"Thy Neighbor's Goods."

Science must discover a means of recording energy expended in useful labor of mind and of body. Society must accept the proposition that men shall be paid according to perforations on their individual energy cards; with provision for systematic care for the unfit and the aged. The individual who lays an industrial plan must not be so much more dearly purchased than his brother who lays an industrial brick.

All the banking in New York City cannot dig one Irish potato in Idaho. All the chemistry in Delaware cannot pluck one grape in California. All the selling agencies in Liverpool cannot burst one boll of cotton under Carolina sun. Men who work in the ethereal regions of pure mentality should have sense of humor enough to realize their workshops, absurdly, are their buttocks. Let them draw less compensation in metal and more in the delight of doing things. Otherwise, for all their extraordinary mentality, they have little notion of ethical grace and none of social symmetry. If they cannot be broken in any other way from the theory that men *get* what they *earn*, let them follow, one by one, old Bennock's spavined mule across old Bennock's sand ridge, just west of here, where Bennock still manages one fairly good ear of corn to the stalk, despite the journalistic exhaustion of Georgia soil.

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There it goes now, at Lane's Crossing. Mezzo-soprano—two longs, a short, and a very long. The sound is so persistently obvious you can almost see it, like a rag of vapor hanging heavily over the trees. The blow of a train seems always trying to tell you something important, like an omen; to tell you "O make haste" perhaps.

Men who feel that acquisition of a million dollars is merely a stepping stone to two, and so on pyramidally, would be snugly content if knocked down to ten-thousand-a-year—if they knew ten-thousand-a-year was the legal limit circumscribing all the Joneses alike. The juggernaut of immense personal wealth is sustained mostly by psychological hysteria. Nobody actually *earns* a million dollars. As much economic error as money goes through the paying teller's window, though the mathematical calculations be never off a fraction of a cent.

There is war in America without military trappings.

False advertisers make air raids, without warning, on open towns. Speculators throw artillery fire into farming regions. Businesses purge their ranks and blockade minorities. And there are always the professional and technical snipers ready to pick off anyone who ventures from cover.

A rifle shot pings on the metal roof directly overhead. An acorn has dropped twenty feet from a Red oak that must have been a stout sapling when Phinizy's Mill turned out its first bolt of osnaburgs.

There is a sliver of cheddar in this house, and a drop of port, and sleep. Food, stimulus, rest. Marvelous things toward maintenance of principles. And givers of physical strength. You may have to knock hell out of somebody on the morrow; you never know.

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Paris Letter

DO YOU IN AMERICA want to understand the inward thoughts of the peaceful antifascist peasants, who have abandoned their agricultural tools to go and operate machine-guns on the Maginot Line? You ask yourself what each one of these two million workers can be thinking today, who, in June of 1936, had seized their big factories? How would you know, if you were satisfied to read only the official press, the big newspapers, keeping in step, and transformed into instruments of propaganda? There is, however, a way of discovering something. Do not read those twin brothers, the *Temps*, agent of the Comité des Forges, or the *Populaire*, official organ of social-patriotism. But here are two weeklies which specialize in the "mise en boîte"[1]: *Le Merle Blanc*[2] and *Le Canard Enchaîné*.[3] Look through them. You will be satisfied that the morale of the French is in truth very high—though perhaps not in the sense meant by the official declarations. The revolutionary and anti-war spirit is not dead, it is dormant under the ashes. The authorities have tried to shut it up under a triple lock in a sort of heavy diving suit, but enormous air bubbles of wit rise obstinately to the surface, and laugh at all prisons. The man in the street would gladly give ten tons of reception speeches at the French Academy in exchange for a few uncensored (they are rare!) columns from the *Canard* or best of all from the *Merle*.

White columns, indeed, for the censor does not let much pass him by. But nevertheless something remains. Each time that an article is censored the facetious journalist fills the spaces with some appropriate legends. For example: *We reproduce article XI of the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the Citizen: "Free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the most precious rights of man. Every citizen therefore can talk, write, print freely, except to reply to the abuses of this liberty in certain cases determined by the law."* Or else a phrase from Daladier's last speech: *We are fighting because we do not want France to be enslaved.* Or again: *Devastated areas.* On a tombstone drawn in a white column: *Here lies liberty, pray for her.* Or again: *Liberty, what crimes are committed in your name!* Or else as an advertisement: *To build up your resistance to shock, take Giraudoux' tablets.*

The *Canard* and the *Merle* also reproduce certain phrases from the big newspapers! Often they can put a small grain of salt in the right place. A few examples:

1 "Mise en boite," literally "put into the box" (or "pillory") means to hold up to ridicule, to satirize.
2 *The White Blackbird.*
3 *The Duck in Chains* (founded during the last war as a burlesque of Clemenceau's wartime paper, *L'Homme Enchainé*).

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Mr. Gallus, in "l'Intransigeant," throws out this slogan: "Let us win the After-war!" For once he has advanced ideas. . . . Why not, without further delay, begin with the After-war?! (from the *Canard*)

The *Merle* writes: *There is some hope. One could read recently in various papers of the left (left! right! left! right!) an advertisement for Paul Faure's paper. Head: "The Socialist Country." Sub-head: "For liberty, for peace." A good sign, they have already suppressed bread.* (An allusion to the slogan of the Popular Front: "Bread, Peace, Liberty.")

In addition, a veritable chronicle of fine phrases has become a permanent feature of the *Canard*. Here are three examples:

From "Le Matin" of the 1st of January 1940: "Morally, our enemies are condemned, politically the war is won, nothing is left but to gain a military victory." (No comment.)

Good news: our dear Geneviève Tabouis writes in l'Oeuvre that it seems indisputable to everyone that the Allies have already won the war. Since Geneviève Tabouis says it, it is true. But then why do they annoy a lot of good fellows by keeping them on the Maginot Line?

"Finally, it is not correct to say that there is a shortage of coffee. We are not without coffee, since we are able to find some. Only, since one can not find the kind one likes, there seems to be a shortage." (*Paris-Soir*, January 6)

This official truth is elsewhere made perfectly clear by a sort of publicity placard in the *Merle*, in which we read, in caps:

YOUR CHICKORY WILL BE
JUST AS TASTY, MUCH
MORE DIGESTIBLE AND MUCH
MORE ECONOMICAL
with a small amount of
COFFEE

There are also the classical references:

"The day on which the bayonets begin to think, we will be lost." (Frederick II)

"Also one forces the citizens to put in an appearance and to live so to speak on their doorsteps, in order to know better what they are doing and accustom them to the baseness of human passions by this continual slavery." (Aritstotle)

"The remarkable part of this infernal business, is that each leader has his flags blessed and solemnly prays to God before going out to exterminate his neighbor." (Voltaire)

Sometimes the impertinence takes on a truly audacious character: *The mobilization of dogs has been announced. Parbleu!—the sheep were mobilized a long time ago (in the German army of course!)*

The editors are not at all submissive. Quite the contrary. They address their censors:

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Pay attention, band of numbered ones (matricules)! (The matricule is the number by which each soldier in a regiment is designated.)

They have created a rubric of conformism: *The League of Yes-Men* and sometimes have a special page entitled: *The Polishing Rag.*

They present innocent little news items, as: *An Unfortunate Gentleman. — Yesterday at the corner of the Rue des Louises and the Impasse des Léopards, brigadier Reniflot of the brigade, Du Moral, noticed the strange appearance of two individuals who were promenading peacefully as they discussed aloud the rain and the good weather. Discreetly approaching these unknowns, brigadier Reniflot heard one of them state: Personally, I think . . .* " *He was unable to say anything more. Vigorously collared, this dangerous character, a Mr. Fidèle Balentranche, was immediately taken to the police station, where he will have leisure to reflect on the inconveniences that result from allowing oneself to think personally in times like these.*

César Borgia (of the *Merle*) reminds those who have made their literary fortunes by their struggle against the war, of the meetings, discussions, memories, common to both. He writes to Giraudoux: *"Our" Giraudoux would never have authorized the fantasies of Anastasie (the censor). "Our" Giraudoux, writer and free man, would never have accepted the responsibiilty for such a spiritual servitude, such a domestication of thought. "Our" Giraudoux, author of "L'Intermezzo" would never have become an accomplice, by his silence, to the fate of one of his spiritual brothers, Jean Giono.*

It is known that Jean Giono, imprisoned for expressing anti-war views, has been freed, thanks to the effort of solidarity of American intellectuals, as expressed in the protests of the League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism and of the Committee for Cultural Freedom. But as the *Canard* has written in its Official Communique: *Home Front: The government has again taken a few prisoners. . . .*

In order to understand the power of what the government calls the "subversive spirit," it is enough to follow the development of the repressive apparatus: In November a decree decided on deportation without trial of people endangering national defense, or public safety, on a simple decision of a judge. Public offices were purely and simply revoked by suppressing disciplinary guarantees established since 1905. That was not enough. On the 25th of January a new stage was added to the structure of coercion. They created the famous violation of the law, the "subjective secret denunciation," which aroused considerable feeling even in conservative circles. This seeks to repress "seditious proposals of a purely subjective nature which, without constituting the objective declaration of a definite act, neither presenting in themselves nor by themselves alone the juridical character of an act harmful to national defense, are none the less capable of exerting on the morale of the people or the army a fatal influence."

So, this is what we have come to. This is what the military dictatorship

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has made of our beautiful country, our country which has made so many revolutions.

But will it ever be possible, with whatever formidable bureaucratic mechanism, to control the "subjective secret denunciation"? I doubt it. For example: Every morning, as we go off to work, we perceive at the top of our street the marble silhouette of the Basilica of Sacré-Coeur. This rounded whiteness touches us and awakens a thought: Sacré-Coeur is white. White as a dove, which flies over the tumult of cities, Sacré-Coeur dominates the metropolis submerged in shadows. But here is the forbidden area. Is not our morale threatened by the evocation of this "white" hope in the middle of the shadows of doubt? Will not our humble reflections inform the enemy on the true state of our soul? But, nonetheless . . . every morning, Sacré-Coeur is always there, placid as a monk, rounded as a Virgin, white as a dove.

Imagine, instead of thinking of Sacré-Coeur, a banal and everyday image, this psychic mechanism applied itself to other phenomena, immediate and more explosive. . . . For example: Almost every day Hitlerian-Stalinist propaganda explains to us that the British Empire was created by theft, conquest, pillage, assassinations, that it is founded on the necks of five hundred million slaves, and that it must be destroyed. Naturally the Allies retort, reasonably enough, by exposing the frightful barbarities and the nameless atrocities of the Hitler and the Stalin regimes. But the first statement is not completely false. Imagine what goes on in the brain of one of those slaves—whether his yoke is labelled "London-Paris" or "Berlin-Moscow"—when he compares the facts, deduces certain principles and concludes that in truth it is necessary to destroy the one as well as the other. But by fraternizing with all the victims and by refusing to follow one's national leaders. The "subjective secret denunciation" now takes on a terrifying aspect, but what can one do? Will the judges ever be well enough armed to repress the effects?

Isn't the real criminal social reality itself, which independent thought sooner or later discovers?

. . . Every morning we see Sacré-Coeur, placid as a monk, etc. . . .

And every day too, we understand better the destiny which all poor men, all the hundreds of millions of the "Third Camp" whose interests lie with neither of the two warring imperialist camps, the destiny which they have in common, a common cause which is as indifferent to the lines of frontiers as the pure flight of the dove. . . .

Friends, do not imagine that the conflict which is developing in Europe will be localized between the Maginot and Siegfried Lines. There is another line of battle, that they try in vain to camouflage and which opposes a Voltairean irony to the sword of the generals. And the World War has not yet begun. . . . !

CYPRIEN MORMICHE

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Books

THE AMERICAN SCENE

CITIZENS. By Meyer Levin. Viking Press. $2.75.
NATIVE SON. By Richard Wright. Harper. $2.50.
TROUBLE IN JULY. By Erskine Caldwell. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.00.
RIVER OF EARTH. By James Still. Viking Press. $2.50.
THE TRIUMPH OF WILLIE POND. By Caroline Slade. Vanguard Press. $2.50.
THE CRAZY HUNTER. By Kay Boyle. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Five of these six novels attempt to come to grips with aspects of contemporary American life; and these are alike in their desire to show, to illustrate, and sometimes to interpret, rather than to prophesy. And in this they manifest an important new trend in fiction. So many political certainties have dissolved, so many neat conclusions have been proved inadequate that writers are turning to an endeavor at re-interpretation of society before boldly advocating any particular nostrum.

Meyer Levin, who has done a fine job of what might be called interpretive reporting, has taken the Chicago Memorial Day Massacre of 1937 and built around it a chronicle of social and economic reality. His technique is interesting; though he rarely uses real names, many of the characters and all the events are, wholly or in part, real. The central part, the massacre, is shown largely through the eyes of a passing doctor who, in helping the injured strikers, becomes involved in the whole labor situation. The other part is made up of an account of the labor situation that succeeded the strike in Chicago and also of chapters which (in a sort of *Bridge of San Luis Rey* manner, with what looks like Dos Passos influence) trace the lives of the individuals killed or injured in the massacre up to the time of the story's opening. These inter-chapters of biography break the continuity of the story. Their effect, however, is not to disrupt the narrative but to re-inforce its emotional implications. And the story of the doctor, whose education is also an education for the reader, serves as a unifying factor drawing the separate parts together and helping to interpret them.

But the question: "Why a novel rather than a piece of straight reporting?" is inevitable. It is on this score that *Citizens* seems to be somewhat inadequate. The recording is brilliant, the facts have been thoroughly assimilated and are well used, yet the whole thing seems too blandly intellectual. It is easy to see how this came about. The author was leaning over backwards to be objective, to interpret events fairly and accurately. But events have one meaning for the reader as sociologist, and another for the reader as a "doing and suffering" human being. *Citizens* seems to be addressed too simply to the reader as sociologist or economist. The book needs more of the epic and the symbolic to redeem it into complete life. This is not to say that we demand less realism, less "fact." Steinbeck, for

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all the faults of the *Grapes of Wrath*, knew how to combine realism with an epic symbolism; the Lindstrom family ought to have had the same function in Levin's book as the Joad family had in Steinbeck's. This is perhaps academic criticism, but it is clear that the book does suffer from some such lack.

Mr. Wright's novel has already been widely discussed in the press, and hailed as a powerful study of a certain type of Negro mind, a type of mind, as the book makes clear, which has been produced by the treatment of the colored people by the whites through the generations. The sullen helplessness of an oppressed race living in the midst of its oppressors, yet cut off from them, is well portrayed, and the conclusion—that under these circumstances a man will find the only freedom he has ever known in accepting full responsibility for a crime which was unpremeditated and unintentional, and that we can only understand this by understanding the psychology produced by his evironment—is convincingly pushed home. There is a real honesty in the book, a patent desire to understand thoroughly, and to make the reader understand, what the story of Bigger Thomas *means*. The story is deliberately organised so as to bring to light the psychological and sociological factors underlying the action. The events are unimportant; the author is concerned to point out that this *kind* of thing is produced by this kind of attitude, and the responsibility lies not with those who adopt it but with the community in general. It is a pity, therefore, that the actual crime of Bigger Thomas should have been made so violent and unusual. To hack off the head of an accidentally smothered girl with a hatchet so as to be able to stick her body more conveniently into the furnace is not the kind of action to which the Bigger Thomases of America are likely to be driven, and consequently Mr. Wright's novel, as interpretation, suffers. True, the author is at pains to insist that the actual crime is unimportant, that it is the attitude that lay behind it that matters. But why, then, does he introduce such a violent and fortuitous piece of action? The whole point about a novel of this kind, which is trying to probe behind action to an explanation of the nature and origin of the typical situation the action represents, lies in its general applicability, and the action therefore should be conceived as illustrative fable. The fable would have been more powerful had it been made up of events of less melodramatic quality, showing the murder of personality by environment and the death-in-life that follows by suggesting the cumulative effect of petty crimes and petty frustrations. Mr. Wright is trying to prove a normal thesis by an abnormal case, and though the case he chooses is one proof of his thesis it is not the most convincing. Yet in spite of this fault, this is an important and a persuasive work. The gap between the fable and the moral may weaken the book as a novel, but the separate parts are well done.

Caldwell's short novel tells of the lynching of an innocent young Negro in the cotton fields of Georgia, but the interest lies less in the lynching, which is not actually described, than in the local characters, the atmos-

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phere, the political background, which provide the set-up for the action. The theme is essentially melodramatic: the white nymphomaniac, Katy Barlow, caught in the act of attempting to seduce the young Negro Sonny Clark, is persuaded by Mrs. Calhoun (whose mission in life is to send the Negroes back to Africa) to accuse Sonny of raping her, and the resultant horrors climax with Katy's hysterical confession of Sonny's innocence on beholding his swinging body, and her consequent death at the hands of the same mob that lynched the Negro. Yet there is little melodrama in the telling. It is not a pure horror story, though the account of the gratuitous torturing of innocent Negro girls by the lynchers in their search for Sonny is grim indeed. The characters are human, the situation is understandable. Behind the weak good-nature of Sheriff McCurtain lies the history of hundreds of years of prejudice and oppression, and the Sheriff is the only one who dimly understands this. This is so, we feel; these things have happened and are happening still; we have been shown what *happens* if not what really is. The pattern is woven by the sharp-eyed observer; there is understanding of the situation, but not interpretation.

With Mrs. Slade's novel we are back in the city again: her study of a family on relief is honest and careful in its presentation. The cruelties and humors and ironies of the situation are brought out forcibly; the observation is clear, the knowledge is certain. But it has faults as a novel, faults which seem to derive largely from Mrs. Slade's intense desire to make her fable illustrative of absolutely all she knows about social work. So the characters become well-documented generalisations, the minor characters particularly—the various social workers—talking and thinking like phrases from a thesis on typical attitudes of social workers. Their thoughts, as reported by the author, are far too conscious, precise, wooden. The conversations between Miss Stalling and Miss Shonts, the meditations of Miss Southard, appear untrue because, paradoxically, they are too simply true. The Pond family themselves are shown as more flexible and human persons, but even in the presentation of these characters, done with so much care and knowledge, the conversations are too formal, the reactions are expressed too neatly—with the result that for all the author's understanding and her careful use of detail the book presents not life but a study of it.

River of Earth, the first novel of a poet, is a beautifully balanced story of a childhood in the Kentucky mountains. Written in smooth prose, with plenty of local dialect in the dialogue, it tells in the first person of the experiences, in the country and in the mining camp, of a young boy growing from infancy to childhood close to the most elemental realities of existence. Economic circumstances are never easy, and the family often comes near starvation point. Yet there is a blitheness in the book without sentimentality. It is the blitheness of organic nature, of simple elemental existence, where the men may scarcely be able to read yet they can doctor a horse or operate on a calf and they know how to make a bare living from the garden if they have to. The death of a child or of an old woman is described quietly, evenly; it is all part of a process, and in spite of

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anxiety and trouble these people get along, and they know their world with an intimacy no city dweller could achieve of his environment. The only real challenge comes with the continual closing, opening and closing again of the mines: the modern industrial world impinges on this scene only to threaten it. Mr. Still has struck the balance between lyricism and realism with great skill, and his novel is a notable rendering of a kind of life that has meant much for America and still has significance for the reader as man, not only as American.

Kay Boyle's volume contains three short novels—*The Crazy Hunter*, *The Bridegroom's Body*, and *Big Fiddle*—all of which abound in intelligent and sensitive writing. Her canvas is limited: she is not concerned with the social scene but with particular types of consciousness in particular kinds of environment, and she portrays her characters with a finesse that is almost excessive. Her situations are always cleverly off the beaten track, and her characters all possess a peculiar sharpness of sensitivity which we suspect belongs really to the author. This kind of writing commands our admiration but not our conviction. The rarified emotional atmosphere in which the characters live represents too great a refinement on life; it is as though the author contemplated the human scene not as a human being but as a virtuoso merely. DAVID DAICHES

Letters

CORRECTION FROM ANDRE GIDE

Sirs:

Kindly allow me to point out one of the errors occurring in the *Paris Letter* of your January-February number, as it personally refers to me.

The authors of this letter, talking of the French radio in war-time, state that "even Andre Gide retails lectures." As a matter of fact, since the beginning of the war, I have neither spoken at the radio nor delivered any lecture, nor published any writing.

I shall be obliged if you will insert this correction in your next number, as I know by experience how long-lived such misstatements are.

Yours, etc.
ANDRE GIDE.

Nice, France

—We wish to express our regrets to M. Gide for the misstatement. The authors of the Paris Letter, *whom we queried on receiving M. Gide's letter, write that* Le Temps *announced that M. Gide would deliver a series of Government-sponsored literary lectures on the radio. We—and they—are glad to learn the announcement was false.*—ED.

POETS AND CRITICS

Sirs:

I think you've committed a blunder in bunching your notices of books of poems received under one title, as you have done in this last issue of PR, and allowing them to be "criticised" in the off-hand manner assumed by your Mr. Jarrell. It does not seem like you. I am wondering how it happened.

Don't you think it would have been more in keeping with the spirit of PR to have given Patchen's verse, the best of it, for instance, or the work of some other one of the group you have dealt with, a bold spread in your pages rather than to have aired such a wastebasket full of such trite flippancies as these you sponsor?

A man whom one respects because of his achievements is entitled to make unsupported critical remarks, even silly ones,

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at times, because what he says refers back to his established reputation. But such a condition does not pertain to your critic in this case. This seems to be just another of those professional literary sophomores who turn up from the universities every now and again to instruct us out of the book in our errors. I for one detest them as I detest plant-lice.

I'm not blaming Mr. Jarrell, I'm blaming you. Unless I'm very much mistaken you've been beautifully taken in by just another one of these flagrant literary classmen, to make a show of your reputed partisanship. I hope he hasn't nailed you so prettily for here is sentimentality of the most barren sort, that of the academic instructor toward his assigned subject.

Mr. Jarrell attacks me for my praise of Patchen as a poet, taking exception to my catch phrase "a hawk on the tomb of John Donne" and replacing it with his own phrase "a parrot on the stones of half a cemetery." Let the two phrases lie side by side—and go to Patchen's verses.

Sorry to see this sort of thing.

Sincerely,

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.

Rutherford, N. J.

—Dr. Williams protests that Mr. Jarrell's review was "academic" and "trite," but the tone of his letter suggests that what really disturbed him was, on the contrary, the fact that our reviewer failed to treat these young poets with the genteel tact and forbearance customary in the critical press. We think that Mr. Jarrell's review was witty rather than flippant, that its virulence was matched by its good sense, and that it let some fresh air into the poetic hothouse. There is a tendency these days to regard young poets as sacred beasts, surrounded by awful sanctions. While we applaud Dr. Williams' constant encouragement of and interest in young poets, we suggest that sometimes they will profit more from unsparing criticism than from blanket endorsements.—ED.

FRED SCHUMAN: HUMAN BEING

Sirs:

I hope your policy is sufficiently elastic to publish a dissenting opinion. The enclosed check for one dollar is for renewal of my subscription, and will bear witness to my interest in reading your magazine. I have a very low opinion of your article, by Frank N. Trager, on Frederick L. Schuman: a Case History. I call it vicious and small-minded.

Your magazine offers stimulating opinion and has published articles of importance (Vivas on Dewey, for instance). Its point of view has the weakness, however, of trying to straight-jacket all the world's work into a single political-economic formula, with monotonously *a priori* effect. This form of metropolitan provincialism I find peculiarly loathesome.

Nevertheless, your comment is generally kept on a high plane, and it is possible for you to attack some one's ideas without doing violence to sportsmanship and decency. For example, Sidney Hook on Max Lerner, in the current issue, a discussion which could be answered only on its own terms.

Trager on Schuman is of a different order. It is evident that Trager cannot know much about Schuman. As any politician knows, it is not difficult to isolate phrases of a man's thought over a period of years in order to discover contradictions. I am not competent to answer the charges in detail. My contention is that they are meaningless. As a colleague (non-departmental) and friend of the accused, I can lay claim to a sort of knowledge that Mr. Trager would not understand; and I can assure you that the image he draws bears no resemblance to the original. The premises are all wrong. Trager's Schuman is an abstraction divorced from history. The real Schuman is a human being with sufficient courage and a sufficient respect for history to admit that events have forced him to change his mind. Mr. Trager will never be placed in such a position; his mind is bounded by a formula and his logic is not a technique but an end.

Silly statements do not require disproof. To attribute any change of view in Fred Schuman to any form of dishonesty is such a statement. The allegation vitiates the arguments. I see that the academies have no monopoly on armchair scholarship or the Ph.D. mind.

Very truly yours,

S. L. FAISON, JR.

Williamstown, Mass.

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—We are glad to receive this character reference for Fred Schuman, but we would still hesitate to give him a job. We find no evidence in Mr. Faison's letter to disprove the serious charges made by Mr. Trager. It is indeed a good thing for a man to change his mind when events have proven him wrong, but we must point out (1) *that Mr. Schuman's changes of mind have tended to occur precisely when they would yield him the maximum personal advantage in his career; and* (2) *that there is a difference between having respect for history and being caught with one's pants down. We wonder if Mr. Faison has read the article in a recent* Saturday Review of Literature *in which—like the criminal returning to the scene of his crime—Mr. Schuman half-heartedly defends Stalin on the same grounds as Mr. Faison defends Mr. Schuman, namely, that Stalin is a human being and so is bound to make "mistakes" like all the rest of us?*—ED.

IN BRIEF

—Frank N. Trager's article in your last issue was so good that I couldn't forego the opportunity of subscribing.—A. A. IMBERMAN, Des Moines, Iowa.

—Please accept the most cordial wishes for the future of PARTISAN REVIEW from a recent subscriber who intends to keep right on being one. There is nothing to take its place in journalism. I spent four years in England from 1934 and watched the birth, development and death (or one of these aspects at least) of numerous avant-garde periodicals in that country and on the Continent. The casualties were in every case due not to lack of good writing but to the absence or intermittence of a firm, clear-headed and politically conscious editorial policy. I think you will survive because you have both the writing and the policy.—FRANK JONES, Madison, Wis.

—PARTISAN continues to develop into an increasingly valuable literary organ for the independent revolutionary left. But *please* do not dispense with the superbly written and highly provocative editorial comments.—H.C.D. and T.D.N., Washington, D. C. (*See page* 170—ED.)

—I liked the March-April issue. Delmore Schwartz's "America! America!" is the best story I have read in a long time. But I must object to Spender's *Journal.* Nazi ideology is as hateful to me and to many other persons as it is to Spender, but I see no reason for the condemnation of the German *people* that I find in Spender's piece. His attempt to justify his own hatred of Germans on the basis of certain quasi-philosophical ideas as to the nature of satisfactory human relationship and on purely subjective reactions, seems invalid to me. . . . Of course, Spender, a good Britisher at heart despite his poetic Communism, is "at the point of hysteria, where I would really fight" . . . I hate Nazi Fascism as I do Stalinism, but I have no illusions about Great Britain's 'democracy.' — P. M. RAFAJ, Bronxville, N. Y.

—*September Journal* is, I feel, the type of mental stimulus one likes to come across, not only because it is so revealing and open, but also so beautifully written. —PEGGY REID, San Diego, Calif.

—You publish a very lively magazine.—EUGENE JOLAS, New York City.

—I like PARTISAN REVIEW because I am a very confused young man, and because it clears away the fog quite a bit and because it is helping me to mold my thoughts, my ideas and my future. (I'm sorry if this sounds too flowery.)—CONSTANTINE POULOS, Arlington, Va.

—Thank you for sending the copies of PARTISAN REVIEW we requested. We are delighted to be so generously favored. The scope and range of the articles and literary content are conducive to our ideas as to the proper reading material for the furtherance of the education of the Sing Sing inmates.—JAMES DAWSON, *Acting Head Teacher,* Sing Sing Prison, Ossining, N. Y.

—PARTISAN REVIEW has become indispensable to me and of the dozen odd publications that come to my desk each month this is the one that I look forward to with the most enthusiasm. . . . My one suggestion is that it would be even better if more space were given to an imaginative construction of desirable social ends. There is too much criticism of the Stalinists, who have ceased to be of first-rate importance. — FREDERICK REUSTLE, Van Wyck Avenue Congregational Church, Jamaica, N. Y.

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HORIZON

is a literary review published monthly in London and edited by Cyril Connolly and Stephen Spender. It is the only new cultural venture which the war has produced, and the only magazine to be devoted, regardless of politics or personalities, to the ideal of quality in literature, to the furthering of creative writing and imaginative criticism. HORIZON considers the war a necessary evil which in no circumstances will interfere with its determination to provide readers with entertainment and writers with opportunity. Recent numbers include Stephen Spender's *September Journal*, poems by Auden, Barker, Day Lewis, MacNiece, Prokosch, Betjeman, stories by V. S. Pritchett, H. E. Bates, Rhys Davies, essays by Orwell, Plomer, Priestley, Read, Walpole, and will shortly include poems by Dylan Thomas, stories by Elizabeth Bowen, and a series of articles on the younger English painters by each other.

"The second number gives assurance that this is a periodical to be supported. And when I say support, I mean that the best way in which people of modest means can support literature, is to subscribe *to reviews of this kind—to subscribe to anything, in these days, which preserves any independence, whether you like its opinions or not."*

T. S. Eliot.

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